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Nixon's the One

If you want to know who's regarded as king around town these days, drop in on a congressional hearing where an administration official is testifying. It's not quite a case—yet—of *l'état, c'est moi.* But from the way the officials talk, you would think that the only person in Washington with any ideas, any proposals, is Mr. Nixon. There is almost a standard format now for any administration testimony. Start off with several words of praise for the President and his accomplishments. Then on to the specific proposal. Whether it's a broad foreign policy or some insignificant grant for free buses in a New England town, it is something "the President proposes" with the accent always on the word "the."

Even cabinet members are indulging in this form of self-effacement. Take Secretary of State Rogers or Defense Secretary Laird the other day before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Everything we're doing in Vietnam—from Vietnamization to bombing—was something "President Nixon proposed," which is probably fair enough; he deserves the credit or the blame. But when a senator dares to raise a question challenging administration policy, the customary answer is "but President Nixon has proposed"—as if the mere invocation of Mr. Nixon's name answered the question.

Unless memory fails, it didn't used to be that way. Cabinet members used to stand on their own two feet and argue it out with a congressional committee, not hesitating on occasion even to say "I think" or "my department believes." Maybe the depersonalization and demotion of the cabinet is just another symptom of the way we're heading. With the possible exceptions of Treasury Secretary John Connally and Melvin Laird, there doesn't seem to be a strong man in his own right in the cabinet. Most are just ciphers on Capitol Hill, and around the White House they obviously are outranked by the Palace Guard. (Who really functions as secretary of state, William Rogers or Henry Kissinger?)

The trend toward the King-President didn't start with this administration. The isolation of a President surrounded by a bunch of yes-men was something that bothered George Reedy, whose *The Twilight of the Presidency* is undoubtedly the most perceptive book yet to come out of the Johnson administration. And before Johnson, Kennedy and Eisenhower reveled in the royal trappings that have come to decorate the White House. In retrospect, Harry Truman seems an aberration, the way he used to venture out the White House gates to walk down Pennsylvania Avenue.

Still, the trend seems to have picked up speed under Nixon. It's not just the Hessian guard uniforms that were tried out on the White House policemen or the way the military honor guard has been turned into something out of medieval pageantry. Those are amusing but peripheral. Nor is the problem completely one of the way the Palace Guard has grown by leaps and bounds in the Nixon administration, as Representative Morris Udall pointed out in a report last week to the House Civil Service and Post Office Committee. The emergence of a large group of policy-makers in the White House, not responsive or responsible to Congress, raises some serious constitutional questions of checks and balances. But if that's the way Nixon wants to run the administration, it's his choice, and maybe he has been driven to it by the supineness of the rest of the bureaucracy. Ultimately there is a check; the people can throw him out of office if they don't like the way he is doing the job.

What is bothersome—and this doesn't apply to Nixon alone—is the reverential attitude that is growing up within the executive branch, and Congress too, toward the presidency. The other day, Joe Clark, who was not above using the word "I" when he was in the Senate, did some counting and found that President Nixon used "I" or "my" 315 times in the 215 pages of his State of the World message this year. "That is nothing new," responded Senator Fulbright. "This is a typical of all leaders of great nations. It assumes the absolute power they think is given to them by virtue of their office."

Maybe the trend is universal, but within this country it is directly related to the way the President's powers are being exercised and expanded. Take Nixon's decision to retaliate for the North Vietnamese "invasion" by bombing Hanoi and Haiphong. Senator Tom Eagleton undoubtedly hit an important psychological motivation when he observed: "The President's power has been threatened, and there is nothing more vengeful than the 'wounded pride of a king.' "

Or take the administration's expanding use of executive privilege to keep information from Congress. Admittedly there is a historical conflict involved, but even the underlings now seem to feel that somehow the President is going to be dethroned if even the most routine bit of information is given Congress.

Rubbing Elbows

One of the problems is that Congress, which after all was supposed to keep the President in check, doesn't really object to the majestic ways of the White House. The barons on Capitol Hill find the present arrangement convenient. They pay tribute and get favors in return. There are some members of Congress so anxious to be part of the court that the White House has found that an invitation can influence their votes. Members of Congress who may want to offer criticism, not homage, seem to fall strangely silent when they are ushered by the Palace Guard to see the President, in itself an increasingly rare occurrence. Take Mike Mansfield. He probably sees the President privately more often than any other member of Congress. But he seldom offers the advice and criticism that he does so freely and emotionally on the Senate floor. His attitude is that in the presence of the President he should not say anything unless asked, and from all reports the President seldom asks Mike anything much over the breakfast table except how he would like his eggs cooked.

Somehow respect for the presidency is getting confused with reverence. It would be encouraging, as well as good for the future of the country, if on occasion, through word or deed, Congress would tell That Man that he has no clothes on.

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Where Candidate McGovern Stands

How the idea gained currency that George McGovern is a radical or even an unconventional politician is a puzzle. True, he was once a professor but so were Mike Mansfield, Mark Hatfield and Gale McGee. McGovern lives in a Japanese house, but that's an accident; he bought it, he didn't build it, and he does nothing so exotic as collecting oriental art, like Hugh Scott. He did once buy a toupee, but it sits in his desk drawer; he has never tried to match Senator Proxmire's daring in growing topside hair where none was before. McGovern is a serious, straightforward, loyal Democrat. So far as anyone knows he was never even a socialist. He was born 50 years ago in Avon, South Dakota. His father was a Methodist minister. He saw nothing of the outside world until he became a bomber pilot in World War II. He is married and has four children. He got into politics as the executive secretary of the South Dakota party, served two years in the House of Representatives, then as director of Food for Peace, and is in his second term in the Senate. He has written four books, but that's not unusual—Senators Fulbright and Scott have each written five, and Goldwater eight. When, on January 18, 1971, McGovern announced he would run for the Democratic presidential nomination, his colleagues smiled, the press yawned, the public didn't know who he was, the polls left him out of their preference ratings. "People no longer believe what their leaders tell them," McGovern said, and he set out to tell them things they could believe.

Sixteen months later, he is far in the lead in delegate count. He has the best grass roots organization going. He's the favorite of the campuses. Nearly 52 percent of voters recently polled by Louis Harris believe that he "has the courage to say what he thinks, even if it is unpopular." He has won the Wisconsin and Massachusetts primaries and will have the second largest number of delegates from Pennsylvania. Almost unnoticed he has been pocketing delegates from all over—about half the Idaho and Kansas delegations, over half of North Dakota's, perhaps 40 percent in Virginia, seven out of 12 in Vermont. He may well take California and Oregon; he'll certainly have a sizable chunk of the New York and Nebraska delegations. He's the only competitor George Wallace is bothering to attack, perhaps because both men would like to be the spokesman for that mass of voters who don't trust, indeed are openly cynical of our political,

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business and labor establishments. The multiplicity of primaries this year and the new openness of the Democratic Party to popular participation in delegate selection (for which McGovern as chairman of the reform commission deserves some credit) have let loose enormous energies that are benefiting the candidate with the most dedicated and the most efficient volunteer force—and that's McGovern. Whether that energy and efficiency could attract and hold a majority for McGovern in November, no one knows. Organized labor would have to swallow McGovern's later regretted vote against repeal of the right-to-work section of Taft-Hartley, or swallow Nixon. Everything McGovern has said, and he has said a lot, will be thrown back at him by the Republicans—it will be noticed that McGovern has occasionally reduced complex issues to simplicities they cannot sustain. But at this point, a backward glance is more useful than prophecy, for it helps us understand what McGovern has stood for and therefore what may be expected of him.

He is essentially a humanitarian—stubbornly concerned for the poor, the hungry, the jobless. In a different era, he would have been at ease as a Bull Moose Republican. He favors taxing "the malefactors of great wealth" and spreading the proceeds around to improve the quality of the common life. He wants a substantially bigger investment in social services—mass transit, schools, rural development, health. He is not a specialist in any of these subjects—except hunger, where, partly because of his experience in Food for Peace and partly because of his chairmanship of the Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs, he has become an expert.

During his first two terms in the House and his first two years in the Senate, this journal found itself agreeing with the votes McGovern cast on "key" issues, including his vote to reduce the oil depletion allowance (it lost). The record shows a scrupulous respect for civil liberties (no "no-knock" warrants) and civil rights, a devotion to raising economic and educational opportunities, and a partiality for liberalized foreign trade and foreign aid. *The New Republic* faulted McGovern for his vote in March, 1966, against repealing the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution. (Only five senators voted "yea"—Morse, Gruening, Fulbright, McCarthy and Young of Ohio; McGovern voted for the Tonkin Resolution originally and then for its repeal when it came up a second time.) But in that 89th Congress, McGovern was commendably on record for closer scrutiny of CIA, stronger federal anti-pollution standards, rent supplements, truth in packaging, more money for urban renewal.

In 1967, he cast a second uncharacteristic vote. He supported a move by Senator Mundt to require the executive branch to reduce each line item in fiscal 1968 appropriation bills by at least five percent, *except* for military funds or items the Bureau of the Budget determined were outside administrative control. But in that same session, McGovern backed an attempt to abolish the Subversive Activities Control Board (unsuccessful), and he voted for two other doomed proposals—one to deny police authority to wiretap in "emergency" situations for 48 hours without court consent; another—consistent with McGovern's small farmer bias—to disallow farm subsidy payments of more than $20,000 a year to any individual farmer.

In 1970, there was a third vote that mystified McGovern's liberal admirers: he opposed a motion to abolish the custom of automatically giving Senate committee chairmanships to members with longest service, permitting instead their selection by party caucuses. (The motion lost.) For the rest, McGovern has been predictable and progressive.

He has proposed reductions in the military budget from time to time, the latest being his suggestion last month of a $32-billion slice. He has advocated cutting our forces on the ground in Europe by about 60 percent, on the theory that "we don't need 300,000 Americans and 200,000 dependents in Western Europe 27 years after World War II." He's against special tax allowances for the oil and gas industry and thinks the federal government could pick up nearly $28 billion from tax concessions now given big corporations and wealthy individuals "without hurting those people in any fundamental way," and that the $28 billion could be used to "pay for the reform of our welfare system, to pay for a job training program that would help put people back to work." He favored a wage-price stabilization board when Mr. Nixon was against it. And when Nixon set up a board, McGovern criticized it for being "loaded in favor of big business and against the interests of people who depend on wages for their livelihood." He said last year that he thought we ought to create three or four major NASA-type agencies, one to look at the problem of housing, another the problem of urban transportation, another at rural development, and one for pollution. He believes real welfare reform would assure "adequate levels of assistance, supplemental benefits and real work opportunities" and that it would cost considerably more than the $12 billion a year that the administration proposes to spend by 1976. He wants a federal consumer protection agency. He says that once the war is ended the government should "offer a general amnesty for all of these young men who have stood upon grounds of conscience against the war"; he would "welcome them back into the country, free them from jail and do everything I could to try and heal the wounds of this war."

He told a largely black audience in San Francisco last spring that he would recruit blacks for federal jobs, including policymaking positions, in a percentage appropriate to their share of the population. He's high on equality of the sexes and has committed himself to filling the first Supreme Court vacancy during his presidency with a woman. On education, he thinks

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it's not enough "to bring slum schools up to the level of the schools in middle-class areas and no more." To be sure "the schools in middle-class areas seem to do a better job of teaching the basic skills of literacy and computation, and their students thus are better prepared to earn a living. But education must prepare all of our children not only to earn a living but to live a life—a creative, humane and sensitive life." He wants a broad family assistance program that provides a children's allowance, guarantees "a job at a decent wage for every able-bodied working-age citizen," that would improve "social security for the elderly and disabled" and allow "a small, federally administered Special Public Assistance Plan to protect the few who would remain in need of additional income maintenance."

There's been no doubt for years about his stand on this "barbaric, self-defeating" war in Vietnam. He would "end our military and political support of the corrupt, dictatorial regime of General Thieu so that the people of Vietnam can write their own future." Today, that's a fashionable position. It was only beginning to be fashionable in November 1969, to say that this was a war "in which we asked young Americans to take on an impossible task, and that is to intervene in essentially a civil war and try to bring about a political and military conclusion which was acceptable to us." McGovern is for pulling out, but he is not an isolationist. He was "deeply troubled" a year ago by the "ever-increasing possibility that the American people, who have come together from all sides in the peace movement, will allow their revulsion for the war in Indochina to debilitate our spirit and cloud our judgment, and render us unable to carry out our responsibility for actions in support of peace in the world." There's nothing here or elsewhere in the McGovern record to startle any American in the 1970s.

He has been at it a long time, but there's more and harder work ahead of him than behind him. Our reading of the results of Muskie's well-endorsed effort is that he rightly decided to venture no further into the primaries. Muskie has spoken intelligently, responsibly on the issues; he has kept the respect of his party; and with the couple of hundred or so delegates pledged to him, he will have influence at the convention. But his campaign on his own behalf had fallen flat.

There could be a long, mean deadlock in Miami Beach; nothing so protracted, however, as 1924, when it took the Democrats 103 ballots to pick their nominee. The possibility cannot be ruled out that in hope born of desperation, bruised and weary delegates will mount a dark horse—Harold Hughes, Terry Sanford, Walter Mondale or Edward Kennedy (though Kennedy is a horse of a different color). But as of now, the Democratic contest is between McGovern and Humphrey, and we have little doubt about which of the two can more effectively challenge Mr. Nixon and lead the nation. It is George McGovern.

Keeping Them Honest

Common Cause, the national "citizens' lobby" in Washington headed by John Gardner, last month assigned itself the cheerless task of monitoring financial reports filed for every federal election between April 7 and November 7 this year. No one else would volunteer for such a job; even the government has divided responsibility for the chore among three offices of the legislative branch: the General Accounting Office, the Clerk of the House and the Clerk of the Senate. During the elections two years ago, no one had to bother with financial reports, because the campaign law then in effect—the Corrupt Practices Act of 1925—didn't require them. This year, for the first time, all candidates and their finance committees are required by the Federal Election Campaign Act of 1971 to account in detail for most of the money they spend and receive during the campaign. No such obstacle has ever confronted American politicians, and many of the congressmen who voted this reform last year may not have understood how bare their campaign chests will become as a result.

Common Cause lobbied to get the law passed; now it wants to see that its purpose isn't defeated in the first practical test. Fred Wertheimer, director of the campaign monitoring project, believes that without Common Cause looking over its shoulder, the government might be as lax in enforcing this law as it was with the old one, allowing contempt for such legislation to grow in proportion to the number of unrespected statutes.

The GAO, assigned to look after the presidential and vice presidential campaigns, has a good record of reporting budget bungling in the Pentagon; this experience should serve well in reviewing the multimillion dollar budgets of this year's presidential race. The Comptroller General has sent telegrams to five Democratic presidential candidates—Humphrey, McCarthy, McGovern, Muskie and Wallace—reprimanding them for failing to turn in the reports due for the May 2 primaries. The congressional campaigns are being watched by the clerks of the House and Senate. But since they are direct employees of the men whose campaigns they're supposed to scrutinize, the clerks may be slower than the GAO in pointing out violations of the law. With the attorney general as their enforcing officer, they had roughly the same responsibility under the 1925 law, and no congressman was ever taken to court for violating it.

Common Cause's first goal is simply to have the candidates file their reports on time. John Gardner held a couple of news conferences last month to name the candidates who missed the first report-filing deadlines: only 13 of 82 were on time for Ohio's primaries and only 15 of 86 for Pennsylvania's. The overwhelming majority of candidates hadn't filed the reports due 15 days before primary elections in the office of the

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state secretary of state—duplicate copies of reports filed with the House and Senate. Common Cause feels that it's important to enforce this section of the law strictly; reports must be released locally because few people in Washington will understand or care what they mean.

Besides checking on late filers, Common Cause is trying to raise an issue in the congressional campaigns that has become important in the presidential race. It hopes that congressional candidates will compete to disclose voluntarily the contributions they received before April 7. Though not required to, all the Democratic presidential candidates—except Rep. Wilbur Mills (D, Ark.) and Sen. Henry Jackson (D, Wash.)—have released the names of their early donors. Rep. Pete McCloskey (R, Calif.) was the only Republican candidate to do so, but he dropped out of the race for lack of funds.

Once the reports are filed, Common Cause reviews them to see how much of a candidate's funds come from local sources and how much from outsiders. Legal suits may then be filed against candidates who accept contributions from corporations or labor unions, spend more than the allowable amount on advertising (10¢ times the number of voters) or fail to disclose all their expenses. District and state units of Common Cause will interpret the reports and urge the local press to carry lists of campaign contributors and locate the financial interests that want to put a candidate in office.

The new law still permits certain political expenditures to go unrecorded, and it may prove to have loopholes not yet discovered. Every federal candidate must disclose contributions and expenses of $100 or more made in the year, and political committees must file reports if they receive or spend more than $1000 a year. However, large sums may still change hands anonymously if the donor takes the trouble to divide his gift into $100 checks and endorse each one to a committee handling less than $1000. Cautious spenders may want to make more use of the congressional campaign committees, run by each party for House and Senate races, that help to cloud a candidate's financial sources. If the president of ITT, for example, wanted to contribute $2500 to an incumbent from California, he could give the money to the right campaign committee with a strong hint that the committee send a matching amount to his chosen candidate. The records wouldn't show any connection between his gift to the committee and the committee's gift to the candidate.

This sort of loophole may become popular once the regulations are fully understood and enforced. If many financial backers take refuge behind the anonymity of the committees, Common Cause will fail to achieve its immediate purpose, but win an important point in another debate. Part of the reason for studying campaign reports so carefully this year, Common Cause says, is to collect evidence and build a platform for tougher legislation later on.

GNP (Going No Place)

The travesty that passes for economic policy is again illustrated by data on the gross national product. The total value of goods and services produced in the first quarter of this year rose substantially, but mostly because of sharp price increases. The expansion of physical output, that is, of the "real" GNP, was at an annual rate of less than 5½ percent, barely sufficient to keep unemployment from rising above 6 percent of the labor force, the dismal level to which it has held more or less for the last year and a half. Meanwhile, inflation zipped along at nearly a 6½ percent annual rate, faster than it did before the President announced his New Economic Policy nine months ago.

As noted in these pages before, the administration's price and wage control program was not sufficiently balanced in philosophy, or adequately staffed, to promise any significant degree of success. Nixon's fiscal policy has been timid and misdirected, so at best only modest improvement in unemployment can be expected in the months ahead. From the day President Nixon took office his economic programs have been high on promises, erratic in tempo, and consistently low in performance.

At no point during the past 25 years have the nation's economic accomplishments been particularly edifying, although other administrations have done better than the present administration. More often than not, unemployment has been excessive and inflation has been unceasing. Will it ever be possible for the United States to achieve full employment without the awful pressure of a major war? The question can't even be discussed usefully without agreement on what is meant by "full employment." For some guidance on that point, we publish in this issue Melville J. Ulmer's tongue in cheek comments on page 14.

Hospital Bills

Twenty-six years ago Congress passed the Hill-Burton Act to give hospitals and nursing homes federal money for new construction. The act said institutions getting such help must in turn provide "a reasonable amount of uncompensated [free] care" to the poor. Some did, many didn't, and so now—at long last—Secretary Richardson of HEW has ordered more than 5000 health-care facilities which got Hill-Burton money to provide a minimum level of free services to the poor. What prompted Richardson to act wasn't pure altruism: the decision was forced by legal aid lawyers bringing suits in Florida, Louisiana, West Virginia, Colorado and the District of Columbia. Faced with those suits and the law's mandate, the administration acted. Under Richardson's order, the required services for the poor must

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be at a level not less than five percent of an institution's operating cost and not less than 25 percent of its net income. This sounds like a lot, but knowledgeable sources at HEW concede the move is a drop in the bucket when compared to the overall health needs of all the nation's poor. What's more, Richardson leaves a loophole for hospitals in serious financial difficulties; they won't have to comply with the take-care-of-the-poor order, yet they are the ones, in most cases, located in the central cities where the poor live.

Bombing and Talks

General Thieu can't "hack it" alone; that has been shown, and not even with the fanciest weapons dollars can buy and the blistering power of Nixon's air and naval armada supporting him. So the President returns to talks he was determined not to resume until the "invaders" went away. One can only hope that rumors of a breakthrough in the negotiations, which followed in the wake of Henry Kissinger's secret Moscow trip, prove true. We remain skeptical. Fruitful negotiations are predicated upon a tacit if not acknowledged common purpose. Thus, peace was negotiated after World War II when both sides agreed that one side would surrender. A settlement was negotiated in Indochina in 1954 when both sides accepted the temporary division of Vietnam pending national elections, which were never held. What basis for an agreement exists today? Mr. Nixon again made clear on television last week that he is not prepared to tolerate the governance of South Vietnam by the "enemy"; the "enemy" is not prepared to surrender or to accept a settlement that perpetuates the power of the generals it has fought to throw out.

Where does that leave Mr. Nixon? For whatever reasons—pride, his political fortunes, or perhaps principle—he holds firmly to his resolve not to lose the war. But he cannot win it either. Lyndon Johnson could not win it with a half million American troops; and the exigencies of an election year and previous political pledges require Mr. Nixon to continue withdrawing ground forces, thus creating a Vietnamization of the war that he did not intend: the Vietnamese taking matters in their own hands. The bombing is stepped up, but the military outcome can be only marginally influenced, not decided, by American airpower.

Perhaps General Thieu will depart, opening the way to a new, provisional regime with which Hanoi and the Vietcong will deal. Or perhaps Mr. Nixon will be let out of his box by a collapse of the whole puppet show in Saigon. For then the President can say: "We can do more," and bring home the armada and the remaining ground troops. For the present, however, it's more of the same.

McGovern in Missouri

The best measure of the ward and township meetings on April 18, which began the process of selecting Missouri's Democratic delegates to Miami was not who won, but who lost. The state's top three political leaders, Governor Warren E. Hearnes, and Senators Stuart Symington and Thomas Eagleton, who had declared last October for Senator Muskie, were unable to deliver the state's delegation all packaged and ready for their favorite, as planned. Capitalizing on grass roots organization and heavy telephone canvassing, McGovern workers showed surprising strength in the St. Louis and Kansas City suburbs, and at Columbia, the home of the University of Missouri. The result is that after the congressional district meetings next month, where 55 delegates will be chosen, and the state convention in June where 18 more will be named, Missouri will go largely uncommitted to Miami, but with probably 10 to 15 McGovern delegates. A few weeks ago his people were gloomily projecting McGovern would be excluded entirely from the delegation.

Older regulars say that youthful McGovern supporters unfairly "blitzed" the ward and township meetings, prompting one McGovern leader to respond, "I guess if ringing doorbells and making phone calls and getting people out to participate is a blitz, then that's what we did."

Hearnes and Eagleton especially have been embarrassed by Muskie's showing. They were criticized widely for endorsing Muskie so early; the uncommitted slates were their concession to grumbling local leaders, many of whom favored Humphrey. Humphrey probably has the major share of subliminal support today, but a few more strong McGovern primaries and some of that will fade.

McGovern scored strongest in Rep. James Symington's district in St. Louis County; he could end up with all six of that district's delegates. A strong group of students and faculty at the University of Missouri in Columbia captured 100 of Boone County's 147 delegates to the Eighth Congressional District caucus. In the Fifth Congressional District of Kansas City, McGovern backers claimed 34 of 88 delegates, and they hoped to win more through challenges. In Clay and Platte Counties in suburban Kansas City, McGovern delegates gained a majority.

McGovern, the regulars claim, is simply the candidate of the young and impassioned—about 10 percent

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of Missouri voters in their view—and couldn't possibly carry the state against Richard Nixon, who won there in 1968. Senator Eagleton insists McGovern would do for the Democrats what Goldwater did for the Republicans in 1964, and that only a centrist like Muskie could hope to compete successfully with Nixon for the independent and undecided. It is a curious assessment in light of Eagleton's own rating and that of Muskie by the Americans for Democratic Action. Both scored 91 on the ADA scale in 1970, while McGovern scored 84. As late as 1968, McGovern was given a 43 percent ADA rating.

The Democratic party in Missouri has been edging toward the GOP for a decade, and the Republicans will field their most attractive ticket in a quarter of a century, this year. Most likely, it will be led by the handsome, young State Auditor Christopher "Kit" Bond for governor and Attorney General John Danforth seeking reelection. (Because of a 10-year residency requirement Danforth cannot seek the governorship; he practiced law in New York for a few years in the sixties.) Bond, 33, is given better than an even chance of winning and Danforth, 36, is a cinch and will probably challenge Eagleton in 1974. Danforth, the heir to the Ralston-Purina fortune, is a popular progressive who showed strength in 1970 when he came within 37,000 votes of upsetting Symington, who had been considered a shoo-in. Danforth did it with a well-financed campaign that relied heavily on the same kind of youthful volunteers who are now stumping for McGovern.

Goodbye San Diego

It's being said at the White House that the President never really cared where the Republican convention is held; isn't at all disturbed by the prospective shift from San Diego to Miami Beach; and isn't blaming such staff politicos as Robert Haldeman, Charles Colson, William Timmons, Harry Dent and Robert Finch for failing to alert him to the troubles that brought about the change. This is mostly nonsense. Mr. Nixon rammed the convention down San Diego's gullet and is either obtuse or miraculously patient if he was in fact left in the dark, which is doubtful, and holds nobody around him responsible for not keeping him informed. It does seem to be true, however, that literally nobody in the Nixon campaign cast, including John Mitchell, spotted the embarrassment latent in ITT's agreement to underwrite part of the San Diego costs at a time when the Justice Department was retreating from its plan to take a batch of antitrust suits against ITT to court. A belatedly recognized need to get out from under that embarrassment, rather than logistical difficulties, is probably the main reason for the recommendation that the National Committee turn from San Diego to Miami Beach.

Mr. Nixon is said to be keeping his personal judgments of the Democratic races to himself. In his vicinity, however, the inquirer hears of calculations that he'd have a better chance of beating either McGovern or Humphrey than of defeating Kennedy or Muskie. At least til last week, Muskie was perceived at the White House as a centrist candidate around whom Democrats of all persuasions, left to right, could rally if he were nominated. He is feared for that reason; Kennedy because his potential appeal is so hard to measure. Final note: in-house doubts that Agnew will again be on the Nixon ticket have all but vanished.

North Carolina

Mayor Howard Lee of Chapel Hill is given an outside chance of knocking off Rep. L. H. Fountain (D, NC) in the primary and going on to become the first black congressman from North Carolina since the turn of the century. It's estimated that Lee forces added 18,000 blacks to the voter lists, bringing the total for the district to around 65,000. In addition, several thousand additional students at the University of North Carolina were registered. It's going to be more difficult to get out the vote. Lee will have strong support in Chapel Hill; however, the turnout in the district, both black and white, has been low over the years. Overall, the district is 40 percent black.

In other North Carolina House races, State Rep. Richard Clark (D) of Monroe seeks to unseat Rep. Earl Ruth (R) in the Eighth; ex-Rep. Brooks Hays (D), now a resident of Winston-Salem, is running against Rep. Wilmer Mizell (R) in the Fifth; Charles Rose, a former Young Democrats leader, is seeking the Democratic nomination for the seat of Rep. Alton Lennon (D), who is retiring; and State Rep. Jim Beatty, the long distance runner, is after the Democratic nomination for the seat of Rep. Charles Jonas (R), who also is retiring. If all or most should win, it would shift the makeup of the North Carolina congressional delegation toward the moderate-to-liberal side.

Reverse English

New York's national committeeman Jack English was banished from the Muskie campaign after his interview with *The Washington Post* in which he fingered Mark Shields and Gov. Jack Gilligan of Ohio for pushing Muskie into a hopeless Wisconsin primary. The interview enraged Muskie. Shortly thereafter, Muskie gathered together George Mitchell, his long-time political associate from Maine; Berl Bernhardt, his chief fundraiser; John McElvoy, his administrative assistant; and English to discuss the matter. During the course of the discussion, it was made clear to English he was no longer welcome on the Muskie campaign plane. English has reportedly returned to his Nassau County home, where he denies having been banished.

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Whose Free Ride?

Transit Subsidies

Public subsidies for operating mass transit systems were anathema to Secretary of Transportation John A. Volpe. As governor of Massachusetts he found that such programs, financed by the state, gobbled up funds in alarming fashion, with little reward in terms of improved service. Now Volpe acknowledges that "somewhere down the line, at some time and at some governmental level—I won't say which," subsidies are probably needed. The governmental level Volpe is reluctant to specify must be the federal level, for transit deficits are piling up at a rate which is outstripping the states' ability to cover them—from $10 million annually seven years ago to $400 million a year now. Volpe's staff has drafted a report outlining a possible program, but the administration has not yet decided whether to push it. If the administration does not move, Congress may. There is at least a 50-50 chance that some subsidy program will pass this year, as part of the 1972 Housing Act (S3842). That bill is in final mark-up stages in the House.

Before hundreds of millions of federal dollars become available for mass transit grants, one question must be answered: who will be getting the free ride, the consumer or the transit operator?

Don't bet on the consumer. Subsidies can become and often are gigantic ripoffs for city machines and transit operators. Judging from the way operators and governments have run transit systems into the ground, additional subsidies to cover operating deficits will be abused. A few weeks ago a report by the Washington, DC Center for Metropolitan Studies concluded that a subsidy for DC Transit Lines, without proper controls, would "virtually guarantee perpetuation of its inadequacies." The report noted that all those involved in the transit operation were guilty "at best of gross negligence and at worst of grasping disregard for the public good for private gain." Unless the federal law lays down performance standards that recipients must meet, the consumer cannot be sure that subsidies will benefit him.

The Housing Act fails to provide adequate performance criteria. It simply authorizes the secretary of transportation to grant funds "on such terms and conditions as he prescribes." The only definite guidelines instruct the Department of Transportation (DOT) to determine that services to be aided are "essential," and that applicants submit plans for improving service and finances. The phrasing of the bill reflects the views of the operators, who have been clamoring for "no-strings" handouts: the money without the monitoring. When and if the bill passes, the National League of Cities and other backers of the proposal (the American Transit Association and the Institute for Rapid Transit) will no doubt transfer their considerable influence from the Hill to the DOT to see that the administrative regulations are not too restrictive.

The bill should be changed to include formulas assuring quality service and perhaps rewarding system operators for improvements. Since no one knows what formula can achieve these ends, pilot programs should be started to provide some basis for comparison.

There are two basic alternatives. One is simply to hand over funds to cover the deficit of a transit system (*i.e.*, the New York City subway). The other utilizes funds as incentives for better service. Underwriting a system's total deficit takes pressure off transit management to pinpoint operations (such as nonpaying night-owl service) which drag earnings below the break-even point. It also allows the operator to continue running in the same old inefficient way those parts of his business that should make money but don't. Granting aid only for those parts of the operation that lose money, or for expenses incurred in attempting to improve service (say for interest payments on bonds used to modernize equipment) might be preferable. But to make such payments equitable in a national program, accounting definitions that vary from city to city must be made uniform—a monumental administrative task.

Incentive schemes, at first blush, seem sensible. One of these, favored by the industry, would increase subsidy payments in proportion to the increase in the number of customers. This supposedly rewards the efficient operator who attracts more riders through better service. But figures could be fudged, or operators could divert rolling stock from low-traffic areas to more populous markets to boost the figures. What then becomes of the riders in low-density markets where cut-backs occur?

It's precisely problems such as these that could be tested in a pilot program. In a 10- or 12-city test, several different subsidy formulas could be tried to determine the proper mix of the amount and type of grant. The mix should include not only tests of subsidy schemes, but of related transit plans such as restrictions on auto traffic by increasing tolls or parking fees, and promotional efforts to help sell public transit. No one denies that billions more are needed for mass transit to alleviate congestion and pollution, as well as to provide equal mobility opportunities for all. One cost estimate ranges as high as $60 billion—yet that is a fraction of the $400 billion to $600 billion the US has spent and is spending for roadbuilding. Massive funding for mass transit beyond capital grants, is affordable at the federal level. The trick is to make sure that what we finally get will really benefit the rider.

John K. Higgins

Mr. Higgins *is a journalist in Washington, DC specializing in transportation problems.*

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Things You Never Knew About Unemployment

Many people think that full employment exists when anyone who wants a job can get one. Well, that's ridiculous. Full employment is an elusive concept and acquires different meanings at different times. For example, during World War II the unemployment rate in the United States was down to one percent of the labor force, and for a generation that had just emerged from the Great Depression, that seemed like full employment. Some European countries like West Germany, Great Britain, Holland, and Sweden have often operated at the one percent rate in recent years, and apparently believed that they, too, had full employment. But we now recognize that such situations, whether in the United States or elsewhere, are more accurately classified as *overfull* employment, a concept that will not disconcert those who got more than 100 percent on their school examinations. The test is not what is happening to people, they don't matter, but what is happening to prices. In World War II prices skyrocketed despite controls on practically everything. In Western Europe inflation is almost always substantially greater than in the United States, reflecting their frequent lapses into irresponsible overfull economic activity.

For a time, in the United States, it was believed that a two or three percent unemployment rate might represent full employment, but the experts soon taught us otherwise. What occurred for instance during the Korean War, can be very costly for important creditors like the Bank of America or Chase Manhattan, for when prices rise creditors find that their loans are paid off in cheaper dollars. This is so manifestly unjust that government, in compensation, usually helps creditors to raise the interest rates they charge, a maneuver that has certain other beneficial effects: it discourages new investment and thereby reduces overfull employment, getting us closer to the goal of full employment, however that may be defined.

It seemed a significant breakthrough when Nobel Prize winner Paul A. Samuelson and his MIT colleague, Robert Solow, tentatively suggested that a four percent unemployment rate was really full employment. In a celebrated econometric study they were able to show that when unemployment reached that level, inflation tended to subside. The Kennedy administration was quick to adopt the new, improved standard, and it was formally enshrined as such by his Council of Economic Advisers; too quickly, we know now. For when unemployment reached the four percent level, as it did in 1966, prices surged sharply forward despite the MIT study, technically brilliant though it was.

A number of interesting things happend at this point. The Bureau of Labor Statistics revised some of the rules governing how the unemployed are counted. For example, one of the new rules, adopted in 1967, states that a person cannot be counted as unemployed, even if he was, unless he had been actively out looking for work during the past four weeks. This rule lopped off those less worthy souls who got discouraged too easily, or who really believed it when they were told, "Don't call us, we'll call you." The new regulation followed an old, progressive tradition of economy in estimating the jobless. Previous procedures, such as not counting part-time workers who wanted full-time jobs, had already succeeded in reducing unemployment in ghetto areas, some say by fully two-thirds. But in 1967 there were other changes in sampling procedures and interviewing techniques, and in essence the BLS position was that what we had just been calling a four percent unemployment rate was actually *overfull;* it was really only a three percent unemployment rate, given the new, more refined statistical rules. In short, Samuelson and Solow were probably right!

Or so it seemed. New experiments under the Nixon administration, in an environment of substantial unemployment and inflation, suggest that an even more accurate statistical definition may be in the offing. George L. Perry, an econometrician of the Brookings Institution, discovered that women and young unmarried males have been comprising an increasingly large proportion of the labor force. Ordinarily, though not always, women and male youths are not the chief support of dependent children, and in that sense do not bear the same social responsibilities as do married men. Treasury Secretary Connally and Nixon's economic adviser Herbert Stein were alert to the implications that had remained hidden so long from less sensitive observers. Unemployment among women and youth should not be given the same weight as that of others. Full employment is a dynamic concept and ought to allow for demographic changes. The full employment rate of unemployment must be set at the more liberal and accurate level of five percent of the labor force.

The reader, perhaps, will note the steady upward trend in this rate from one to two to three to four and now to five percent. In this cybernetized society, of course, such trends are automatically extrapolated. Taking account of the time periods involved between these successive revisions, it is easily shown that the pace of upward adjustment is exponential. Using the excellent computers available at the University of Maryland, I have estimated that by 1976, in time for the *next* presidential campaign, the true full employment rate of unemployment will be fixed at 15 percent of the labor force. Had we only known this 40 years ago we would have realized that 1932 was a year of unrecognized prosperity.

Melville J. Ulmer

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War Games in Vietnam

Tennis Anyone?

by Harlan H. Vinnedge

In blaming the increased military action in Vietnam on the availability of Soviet heavy weapons and the deployment of elements of the North Vietnamese regular army across the DMZ, spokesmen for the current administration have constructed one of the most telling arguments yet offered for getting out.

During last year's hearings on the military procurement authorization bill, Secretary Laird gave some very precise figures on the scope of the Soviet military aid to North Vietnam. At that time, according to Secretary Laird, Soviet military aid, in US terms, was at a rate of $500 million yearly. He further testified that it had remained steady at that level for some time and that the peak figure for this aid was $1 billion in 1967. In contrast to this, our aid in FY 1969 was $21 billion; in FY 1971, $12 billion; and now is somewhere around $7 billion yearly. Again according to Secretary Laird, the total intra-Communist country military aid for the years 1955-1970 totaled $15 billion with 85 percent coming from the USSR. Of this $12.75 billion in Soviet military aid, $5 billion went to Eastern Europe, $1.3 billion to mainland China before 1960, and about $200 million to Cuba, leaving a total of about $6.25 billion. Although he did not break out the amount for North Korean military aid, it is included in the latter figure. Total Soviet military aid to North Vietnam, therefore, must be less than 50 percent of our aid to South Vietnam in FY 1971 while our aid to South Vietnam in FY 1969 was greater by one-third than the total intra-Communist country military aid for the 16 years beginning in 1955. More recently Secretary Laird has indicated Soviet military aid to North Vietnam in fiscal years 1971 and 1972 was $500 million and $600 million respectively. A conservative estimate, therefore, of Soviet military aid to North Vietnam is $8 billion.

The administration recognizes the danger in attributing the North Vietnamese capability to the availability of Soviet heavy weapons. If that amount of Soviet heavy weapons in the hands of the North Vietnamese is seemingly so much more effective than many times that amount of US heavy weapons in the hands of the South Vietnamese, it would appear that Soviet heavy weapons are better than ours or the North Vietnamese army is better than the South Vietnamese army. Since neither conclusion is acceptable, a new factor is introduced—the deployment of these weapons beyond the borders of North Vietnam.

But last year in Laos, the North Vietnamese had armor deployed in the areas selected for attack by the South Vietnamese. This armor was no problem then when President Nixon relayed General Abrams' appraisal of the situation: "General Abrams tells me that in both Laos and Cambodia his evaluation after three weeks of fighting is that—to use his terms—the South Vietnamese by themselves can hack it, and they can give a better account of themselves even than the North Vietnamese units." Later in that March 4, 1971, news conference, the President reported the destruction by South Vietnamese forces of 200,000 rounds of ammunition, 2000 heavy and light guns, and 67 tanks.

If the North Vietnamese success cannot be attributed to the higher quality of the Soviet heavy weapons or the superior ability of the North Vietnamese army or the deployment of Soviet heavy weapons beyond the borders of North Vietnam, it must be due to the deployment beyond the North Vietnamese borders of 12 or 13 or 14 regular army divisions.

But, according to Secretary Laird, this is nothing new either. In his March, 1971, testimony supporting the FY 1972 military procurement authorization bill, Secretary Laird presented data on the size and deployment of the North Vietnamese regular forces. He indicated the in-country forces, constituting half the regular army, were made up of 13-14 division/commands with 315,000 men. The other half, deployed out-country in South Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos, was serving in mixed army-irregular groups of 240,000, 55,000, and 145,000 men, respectively. Since approximately 315,000 of these 440,000 men were the out-country half of the North Vietnamese regulars, there must have been 125,000 irregular forces in the area. If these irregular forces are assumed to have been deployed entirely in South Vietnam, there must have been a minimum of 115,000 North Vietnamese regulars out of the total force of 240,000 in South Vietnam at that time. This figure corresponds closely with that used by Mr. Nixon in his March 1, 1971, report to Congress.

If the North Vietnamese success cannot be attributed solely to the presence this year in South Vietnam of their regular forces and Soviet heavy weapons, can it be attributed to their moving across the DMZ rather than down the Ho Chi Minh trail? It would seem not for, once the interdictions of the Ho Chi Minh trail became successful, they had only three options left—to withdraw from the war, to prepare to be invaded across the DMZ, or to invade across the DMZ.

Since planners in South Vietnam must have assumed the North Vietnamese would take the third option, it

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would appear that the North Vietnamese moved into a strategic trap. When Howard K. Smith interviewed him on March 29, 1971, President Nixon raised this possibility when he said, speaking of the South Vietnamese forces, "... in Laos they were fighting on the enemy's terrain, on his turf against overwhelming numbers. When they fight in South Vietnam, they're going to be fighting on their terrain with their having the numerical advantage and the enemy having the long supply line."

But this year, when the situation which President Nixon anticipated actually developed, the South Vietnamese did not seem to recognize the areas of I, II, or III Corps as being their turf with the advantages of numerical superiority and shorter supply lines. It was necessary for President Nixon to put the South Vietnamese back in his picture by focusing five carriers and close to one-fourth the US strategic bomber force on that "long supply line."

If, in this latest demonstration of the effectiveness of the Vietnamization program, the North Vietnamese, with a smaller army than last year and fewer heavy weapons than the South Vietnamese, can be stopped only by US air and naval combat forces, what has been accomplished? The North Vietnamese have held some South Vietnamese territory, some more people have died, and some new American POWs have been taken.

What would a long-time prisoner of war think if one of the latest captives were to tell him that while all this was going on, down in Saigon, the Japanese had defeated the South Vietnamese in the Eastern Zone "A" section Davis Cup elimination round?

Betting on a Deadlocked Convention

Terry Sanford

by Paul R. Wieck

Durham, NC

"We're going to make him win," a "Carolina" student told me. He didn't smile when he said it; his voice and eyes reflected the solemn determination of a generation of young southerners who can't abide the thought of Alabama's George Wallace. It has led hundreds and hundreds of them into active support of ex-Gov. Terry Sanford's candidacy. The young man is well aware of the odds, as are his contemporaries. He grew up in Statesville, the small town in western North Carolina where Wallace opened his campaign in the state only a couple of days earlier. He, like many of his co-workers, understands how contagious "Wallace fever" can be, how it can run rampant among small farmers and textile workers, reaching even into country club circles. It's been the bane of progressive leaders in the South for more than one generation. Now, having infected the industrial areas of the North, it's back—bigger than ever.

It was young people like the youth from Statesville who nourished the Sanford candidacy months before it broke on the national scene, before the Muskie collapse and the rise of McGovern, before Wallace strode onto the scene in Florida and talk of a "dark horse" winning in Miami Beach became fashionable. Only a handful were then involved, mostly from "Carolina," as they call the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. They were in touch with friends at Duke, where Sanford is president and regarded as a true friend of the students. If North Carolina was going to have its first primary, why not use it as a launching pad for Sanford? It would require only 10,000 signatures to get him on the ballot.

It is fair to say Sanford is the outstanding progressive leader to emerge in the mid-South in the last decade and a half, a man out of a tradition that differs significantly from the "populism" of that region. It's a political strain that stresses education and jobs, that would bring business into partnership with government in a building process, that would strengthen institutions in an effort to make them more serviceable. It nutures moderation on race problems, hoping to use the tools of education and jobs to solve some of the problems of the underprivileged, black and white. It has been a force, although hardly the dominant one, in North Carolina in the post-World War II period and Sanford, more than any other man, is the personal embodiment of it in the Tar Heel state.

But is it exportable? Is this the year a Democratic party, polarized by a series of bloody primaries that collapsed its center, will be ready to turn to a North

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Carolinian, albeit a man whose record as governor and educator has given him national stature? Before that question can be realistically considered, Sanford must defeat Wallace in North Carolina's May 6 primary.

It's hard for North Carolinians to think of one of their own as a presidential candidate with a chance. Never in a century of allegiance to the Democratic party following the Civil War did a man from their state emerge as a major contender for the Democratic presidential nomination. Could it happen now with the South in revolt against the party of its grandfathers?

I arrived in North Carolina only hours after David Brinkley had given Sanford national TV exposure by declaring him a leading "dark horse." It quickened a lot of pulses in North Carolina, and it was alluded to everywhere in conversation that weekend. It brought to the surface a different kind of chauvinism than that of the college student who can't abide the idea of the Wallace label being pinned on his state. But Sanford has more assets than chauvinism.

It's been eight years since Sanford left the governor's office; yet the progressive wing of the party in his state still bears his name. "The Sanford people" are everywhere in politics and are so identified. This year, they're running for every office from governor on down. They're influential in the legislature, the Young Democrats, in the courthouses. But it wasn't that influential political substructure in North Carolina that gave birth to the Sanford candidacy; it was that handful of students who couldn't vote when he was elected governor. However, when the petition drive surfaced in January, the "Sanford people" were there to help and, in two or three weeks, 25,000 signatures were gathered.

Today, most North Carolina observers will tell you Sanford and Wallace are locked in a close fight, the outcome of which may be determined by how many votes are siphoned off by Muskie and Chisholm. It's these pockets of votes Sanford must reach into to deal Wallace a defeat.

The outlook for Sanford is fairly good. His friends put together a good campaign chest ($300,000 to $400,000 are the figures mentioned by some) and his old organization came together quickly. Two weeks before the voting, there were chairmen in two-thirds of the 100 counties, a double set of coordinators (women for the adults, students for the campuses and high schools) working in each of 10 areas of the states and several thousand volunteers. He's getting support he's never had before in conservative circles and the state's press is favorable. Sanford, himself, loves the politics of it. He gives day-by-day direction, meeting with his coordinators, taking phone calls from key lieutenants at home, helping plot strategy, and stumping the state.

There are obstacles. Gov. Robert L. Scott, the son of Sanford's mentor in progressive politics (the late Gov. W. Kerr Scott), was committed to Muskie, although Gov. Scott's mother not only endorsed Sanford but sent him $500 before her death only days ago. Scott had thrown his own organization into the fight for Muskie, a fight that for all practical purposes was over before May 6. Nevertheless, it's manpower and influence Sanford could use.

Then there's Ms. Chisholm. North Carolina was tagged as a "target state" by the Chisholm forces from the beginning on the assumption she was sure to pick up 15 percent of the vote (the number needed to share in the delegate cut) if the black community could be mobilized along with a bloc of students and white liberal votes. Before the Wallace threat developed, her potential looked good. Now, there's a steady drift toward the Sanford candidacy that's bound to accelerate as the lines are drawn more sharply.

The Sanford organization is sending young blacks into the rural counties of eastern North Carolina, where there are large concentrations of black voters, bearing a simple message: "A vote for anyone but Terry Sanford is a vote for George Wallace." It's catching on. Nowhere is the Wallace threat perceived in its fullest implications more clearly than among southern blacks. It was among these voters that enthusiasm for Humphrey was the highest in 1968 (this reporter saw more Humphrey bumper stickers in rural Greene County, Ala., in 1968 than anywhere else in the country). But half the North Carolina black vote is concentrated in urban centers where Chisholm support is the strongest. She has store fronts all across the state. When black leaders meet a few days before the primary to work out their slate, she's apt to get a lot of support and it could spell disaster to Sanford.

A legacy from Sanford's gubernatorial days is also hurting, perhaps as much as Chisholm's strength among the blacks. To raise funds for education, Sanford removed all exemptions from the state's sales tax, including food and medicine. It raised another $100 million for education but left a lot of white, working-class voters bitter. In a year in which a populist resurgence is being fueled everywhere in the country by a tax revolt, it will cost votes, particularly among those same working-class voters who want to use Wallace to protest their tax burden more than to vent their racist feelings. To counter this, Sanford has proposed a 25-to-50 percent cut in the tax burden of middle-income persons.

If Sanford beats Wallace and picks up, say, 35 of the state's 64 delegates and the Democratic race becomes a three-way contest between McGovern, Humphrey and Wallace, a lot of what we call "establishment liberals" will want to examine Sanford's record and the man, himself, with a good deal more care.

Sanford has presidential stature. It shows itself in a number of ways. His is the career of an administrator rather than a legislator (although he's been both) and, as governor and college president, he turned his attention to finding creative solutions to institutional prob-

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lems. His skill, his search for innovative answers, came to be widely recognized and appreciated by his student body, which did not fail to notice the stream of prominent people drawn to Duke after he took up residence in the president's home. He is not an ivory tower academic.

As president of Duke, he established rapport with the 8500 students, explained in these words by the "Carolina" student from Statesville: "He's put the administration in partnership with students. He put students on every committee, including the trustees and faculty committees. He meets weekly with students picked at random by a computer to talk and discuss various things. Once a month, he has a group of students picked the same way over for dinner. He eats breakfast with the students at the student union every morning. It's always a wide open thing. If a student has an urgent problem, he can see him within a few minutes. If it's not urgent, within a week."

As an energetic governor (1961-65), Sanford had an early confrontation with a federal bureaucracy he said "stymied us," particularly at the level of its involvement with the poor and underemployed (welfare and employment agencies). At a state level, he found it easy to generate a new "burst of energy"; however, he "found we couldn't move any of the programs tied to the federal government. We couldn't get any creative ideas." Sanford would have liked (more than a decade ago) to turn employment offices into recruitment offices that would have helped the disadvantaged get the training they needed, a "grub stake" during that period and active help in getting a job once trained. "It would be a great economy," he said. To try to break the poverty cycle in North Carolina, the state government ventured into many areas later institutionalized by the war on poverty—Head Start, VISTA, the Job Corps. His North Carolina Fund, a five-year experimental program financed by $12 million contributed by business, "pioneered in the neighborhood concept," assisted community groups over the objection of local officials, set up day care centers for welfare mothers. Sanford has urged that welfare recipients be allowed to earn twice as much as they get in welfare without penalty.

Looking back, he draws several general conclusions relative to state and federally financed programs. He found "everything overstructured" at a federal level. As a result, he looked with favor on the Ashe Committee concept of reorganizing the federal government "so it could be concerned with the purposes of government" rather than continue to be an assortment of special interest groups under agency umbrellas.

At Duke, he's been intimately involved in extending medical care to the poor through one of the world's great medical centers. One program is "physician's associates": persons with two years of training work with a doctor, doing the repetitive things. A second is "physician's assistants": people who live in an area populated by the disadvantaged see patients "with completely medical to quasi-medical related problems" and then direct them to the care they need. A program of allowing interns to take a couple of hundred patients was inaugurated. Sanford favors 100 percent health coverage for persons over 65, a "very extensive insurance program" for those under that age. He does not think "total assumption" of medical costs by government is called for.

On the world scene, he would "like to see a gradual change to a foreign policy based on the concepts of our own revolution," he explained. He would sharply curb CIA's activities, getting it "back to reporting, not interfering." As for the Pentagon, he would "underline four or five times 'defense.' We changed the title from war to defense over 20 years ago when the realization came that war is not the last card in the deck."

Sanford has opposed the American presence in Vietnam; like most southern leaders he was late in coming to that view. He spoke out against the renewed bombing of the North, says the problem with Nixon's policy is that it's "too slow," is convinced the current fighting was prompted by Nixon's "error in judgment" in cutting off the Paris talks, and feels the only question left is how to protect our troops as they leave. "The time is past to keep any troops there," he says, adding that, for the Vietnamese, he favors "self-determination, not mandating any kind of government."

If Sanford wins his fight with Wallace, he will move quickly to make his campaign national. To do this, he must be tested in the North. Sanford has selected New Jersey's June 6 primary for this purpose, although he won't run a delegate slate because he has friends on the slate put together by ex-Gov. Richard Hughes and Sen. Harrison A. (Pete) Williams.

Sanford expects to go into the convention with 50 to 100 votes on the first ballot, a not unrealistic hope, particularly if he can establish a strong regional base by picking up delegates in Virginia (a substantial organization led by persons close to Atty. Gen. Andrew Miller has developed there), South Carolina and Georgia, to name three states. Beyond that, he will rely on his many friends in universities and state government. As a well-known party loyalist (he headed Humphrey's Citizens' Committee in 1968), he has credentials some of his southern contemporaries lack; however, he is more than a little irritated at reports he is a stalking horse for Humphrey in the South.

Sanford's only hope to win the top prize is a deadlocked convention. The collapse of the Muskie effort diminishes the chances of a deadlock and increases the possibility of an early ballot victory by one of the frontrunners. Then there's the next-to-the-top position. If McGovern takes the nomination, it will be of prime importance to balance the ticket, preferably with a southerner. McGovern has all but committed himself to Florida's Gov. Askew. But Askew is running nowhere; Sanford is, and he's a man to reckon with.

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The Nixon Guide To World Travel

by John S. Carroll

The China cram course is over, and journalists who cover the presidency are busy studying up on the Soviet Union and the Cold War. This will doubtless prove helpful when Mr. Nixon visits Moscow, but it is by no means all the history that bears on this trip. There is also the revealing history of how Richard Nixon founded the science of preelection foreign travel. Like Newton under his proverbial apple tree, Nixon discovered during his vice presidency that every time he went abroad, a pile of votes landed in his lap. He wrote openly and proudly about this phenomenon before his career reached its nadir, the 1962 California gubernatorial election. Since then he has been quieter, but he continues to practice his science, which can be summed up in Nixon's Law and Nixon's Corollary. The law: Before any election, go abroad. The corollary: No matter what you do over there, your polls will go up.

It may have been the popularity of Eisenhower's 1952 promise to go to Korea that set Nixon to thinking. At any rate, we know that Nixon's most telling experiments came during his second term as Vice President.

In 1958, before hitting the campaign trail in behalf of Republican candidates around the country, Vice President Nixon took a swing through eight South American countries, ending at Caracas, where he was spat upon and nearly lynched. In *Six Crises*, he tells of the domestic aftermath: "At this time, in June 1958, just one month after my return from South America, the Gallup Poll showed me leading Adlai Stevenson for the first time, and running neck-and-neck against John F. Kennedy. It was the high point of my political popularity at the time." Was there a cause-and-effect relationship here? Yes—the book says explicitly that "the crisis of Caracas . . . carried me to an all-time high."

He next discovered that even an utterly perfunctory foreign visit can be useful. The Republicans fared poorly in 1958 because of the recession, but Nixon was able to consolidate his position as heir-apparent. "As we entered the year 1959, some breaks began to come our way," he writes. "President Eisenhower sent me to London late in November 1958 to represent him at the dedication of the chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral honoring the American dead of World War II." To be sure, it was merely a ceremonial event, but it got press coverage. The trip, Nixon concludes, "started me on the way back from the low point" caused by the GOP's 1958 losses.

Then came a "decisive break"—the trip to Russia and the Kitchen Debate with Khrushchev. "Until that meeting, polls indicated my support was no greater nationwide than that of the Republican party. After my return from the Soviet Union, my personal standing rose the critical five to six points above Republican strength in general. . . ." Looked at another way, the results were still more dramatic. Before the trip the Gallup Poll showed that in a two-man race, Kennedy would smother Nixon, 61 to 39 in percentage terms. "After the trip," Nixon writes with manifest pride, "the gap closed to 52 percent for Kennedy, 48 percent for Nixon. In November 1959, I moved ahead of him in the polls for the first time: Nixon 53 percent—Kennedy 47 percent."

In spite of his defeats in 1960 and 1962, Nixon's faith in his law grew, and he began to comb the globe at a brisk pace. As a lawyer, chiefly representing Pepsi Cola, he took as many as four long foreign tours a year, turning up wherever there were American correspondents and well-known world leaders who would receive him. A partial list of the latter included: de Gaulle and Couve de Murville in France; Kissinger, Adenauer and Brandt in Germany; Saragat, Moro and Fanfani in Italy; Ayub Khan in Pakistan; Wilson and Macmillan in England; Ikeda and Ohira in Japan; Ceausescu and Manescu in Romania; and Popes John and Paul at the Vatican. He visited Taiwan as Chiang Kai-shek's houseguest.

What is it that a politician gains by going abroad? If he plans well, he gains publicity, but there is more to it than that.

International statesmanship is one of those endeavors which, like neurosurgery, command a measure of awe and deference from the layman. Most people are willing to concede that their grasp of foreign affairs is limited. In contrast, most people are quite adamant about affairs closer to home—crime, taxes, busing, welfare and the like. But foreign policy is something else. How many people have firm convictions about how the strategic arms-limitation talks should be handled?

Apart from deference with which international statesmanship is regarded, the public tends to rally behind any American politician, especially a Presi-

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dent, who is dealing with foreigners. A President who occupies himself with important or seemingly important international questions tends to get a free ride on domestic issues. A national leader facing foreign powers moves in the lofty realms of statesmanship, while his rivals slug it out on the ground. Occasionally, at times of his own choosing, he can swoop down to pick off targets of opportunity, such as busing.

There is evidence that almost any decision a President makes in foreign policy will be rewarded by a short-term political gain. In *The End of Liberalism*, Theodore J. Lowi provides some interesting statistics while making a different point. He cites the results of polls in which the American Institute of Public Opinion asked: "Do you approve of the way the President is handling his job?" The polls were taken shortly before and after such highly publicized events as US entry into the Korean War, the landing of Marines in Lebanon, President Johnson's 1966 Pacific visit to meet with General Ky, the Glassboro summit conference, the Cuban missile crisis, and President Eisenhower's decision to oppose Britain, France and Israel in the Suez crisis.

In each case the President's polls rose between four and 13 percent. When the figures are examined closely, it seems that *what* the President does is not important; what counts is the fact that he does something. When Eisenhower was caught lying about the U-2 and the summit conference fell through, he *gained* six percentage points. John Kennedy picked up 10 points with the Bay of Pigs.

How does one put this phenomenon to practical use? Let us consider a typical problem a President might face. Suppose you are the President and you want to campaign for a friendly senator who is seeking reelection in California. You know he needs Mexican-American support, yet you also know you haven't done much for Mexican-Americans. What do you do to improve your credentials before joining your senator on the campaign trail? You go directly to Mexico, hold a series of meetings with your Mexican counterpart, then round up as many reporters and cameramen as you can, and announce a dramatic breakthrough in relations with Mexico.

In this particular case, the President's efforts failed to drag the carcass of George Murphy across the finish line, but it was a good try. It was certainly preferable to going into the *barrios* of Southern California. In that same 1970 campaign season Nixon visited a half dozen European countries, including two perennial ethnic favorities, Italy and Ireland.

While Nixon is aware that one can gain political points by simply going abroad, he also knows that it is possible to pick up bonus points by actually accomplishing something. This is especially pertinent to his Moscow visits, past and future.

It is not generally appreciated that Nixon has been rebuffed and humiliated repeatedly while reaching for the brass ring in Moscow. Yet ever since the Kitchen Debate, he keeps returning to the scene and seeking new talks with Russians. In *The Resurrection of Richard Nixon*, Jules Witcover tells how in 1965 Nixon showed up at 11 p.m. one night at the fallen Khrushchev's Moscow apartment. Khrushchev apparently wasn't home, and Nixon had to settle for a debate with the deputy director of Moscow State University before leaving Russia. *Pravda* published a stinging account of that visit: "Conceited by the fact that his person still means something, the former Vice President and erstwhile candidate took to advertising himself even if it was scandalous, if only they [Western correspondents] wrote and talked about him. On the street, Nixon for some reason accosted a policeman with stupid questions. He tried to start arguments with strangers and invited them to be his guests. In a word, as in a real clown's act, he tried to provide sensational material for the foreign newspapermen who followed on his heels."

Two years later Nixon was back again knocking on the Kremlin door. According to Witcover, the Russians went beyond the usual practice of ignoring requests for interviews by giving him a flat no. He had to settle for a swing through south central Russia, where he "engaged in his customary practice of debating with whichever Russian was in sight." Before leaving the country he returned to Moscow's Sokolniki Park, scene of the Kitchen Debate, "but of course Khrushchev was no longer available to take him on. Nixon left Moscow with the reason he went no clearer than when he arrived."

That same year, 1967, the tale came out of how Nixon had been deprived of his bonus points eight years earlier during the Kitchen Debate visit. Khrushchev told the story in an interview with NBC. He said that Nixon had asked him to release the crew of an American military plane that had been forced down over Soviet territory. The request had been ignored, Khrushchev related, because to grant it would have benefited Nixon politically by showing "that Nixon could have established better contacts with the Soviet Union. But we guessed his plans."

Things are different now. Richard Nixon is President. The Russians have little choice but to deal with him—they have things they want—even if it means helping him get reelected. We shall have to wait to see what the President will get and give in the Soviet Union, but one thing is certain: his percentages in the polls will go up.

COMING: John Osborne on traveling to Russia with the President

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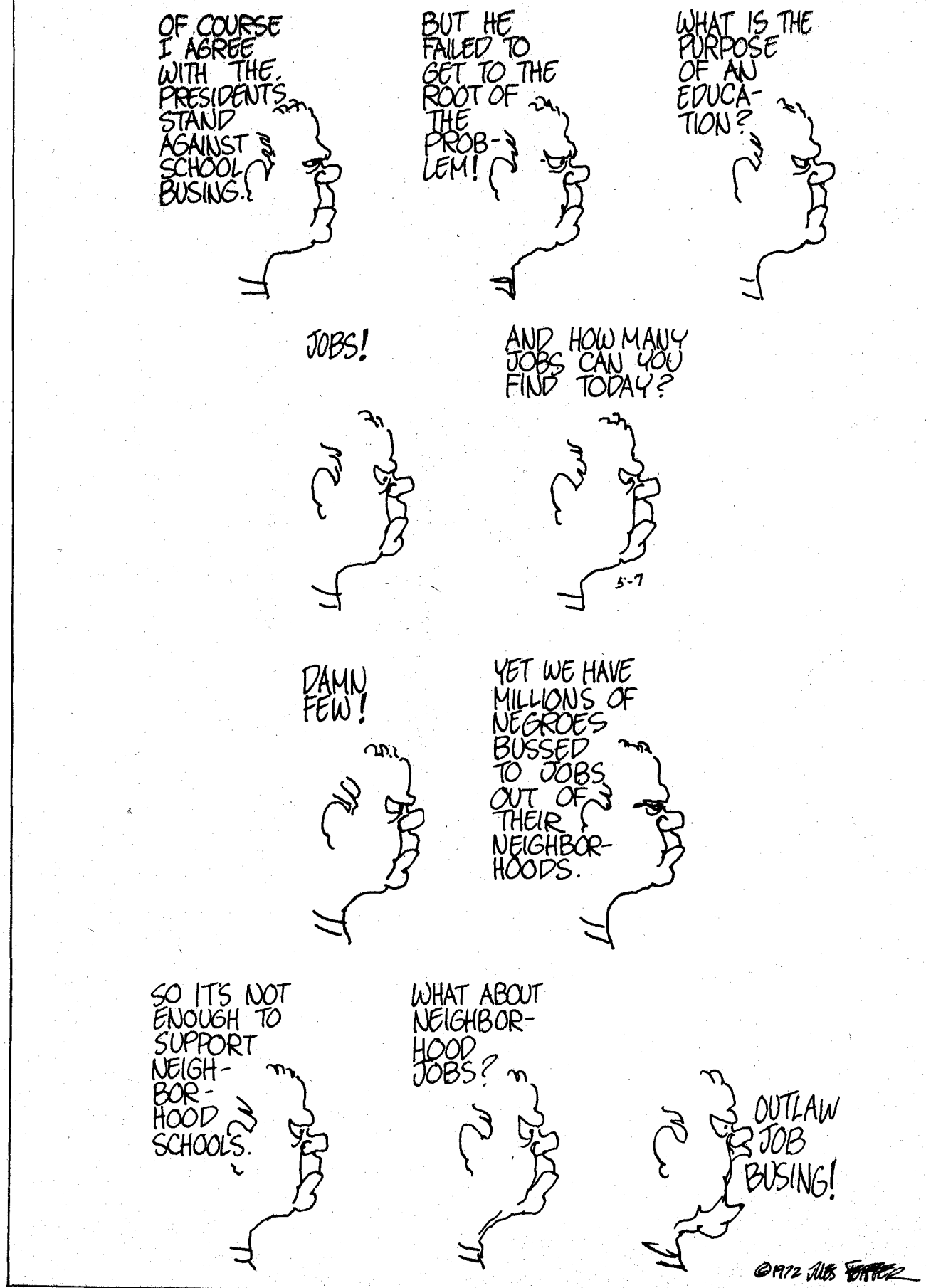
JULES FEIFFER


OF COURSE I AGREE WITH THE PRESIDENTS STAND AGAINST SCHOOL BUSING!
BUT HE FAILED TO GET TO THE ROOT OF THE PROB-LEM!
WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF AN EDUCA-TION?
JOBS!
AND HOW MANY JOBS CAN YOU FIND TODAY?
5-7
DAMN FEW!
YET WE HAVE MILLIONS OF NEGROES BUSSED TO JOBS OUT OF THEIR NEIGHBOR-HOODS.
SO IT'S NOT ENOUGH TO SUPPORT NEIGH-BOR-HOOD SCHOOLS.
WHAT ABOUT NEIGHBOR-HOOD JOBS?
OUTLAW JOB BUSING!
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Robert Brustein on theater

Freedom & Constraint

Any account of the state of free expression in the American theater, however doubtful about the future, must be prepared to acknowledge that we are now enjoying a period of cultural autonomy unique in our history, and probably in the history of the world. It is a peculiar paradox of our age that just when political possibilities have grown considerably circumscribed, artistic possibilities have burst their confines, and our freedom to express ourselves, including our sense of mortification and despair over our political impotence, has become virtually unlimited. At the present time, one can put almost anything on the American stage except provocations that lead to mayhem or panic; official censorship is rarely if ever exercised; and the public is willing to sit still for representations that a few years ago might have issued in complaints, warrants or riots. Permissiveness in regard to sexual acts in the theater has been extended to everything short of actual copulation, and for the first time in almost 2500 years, it is possible to satirize the highest leaders of government on stage without fear of physical harm or legal retribution.

It is not my intention here to argue the merits of this new freedom. Obviously, it can be used well or badly, depending on the occasion. I think we must be prepared to protect it, regardless of how it is used, at the same time that we should be encouraging its proper employment and cautioning against abuse. Nor am I willing to prophesy whether or not this freedom will last. The recent imprisonment of Ralph Ginsburg, publisher of *Eros*, on charges of mail violation in sending out unsolicited erotic material, and the withdrawal by the Public Broadcasting System of Woody Allen's satire on officials of the Nixon administration, suggest that fears, pressures and statutes still exist that may eventually endanger the freedom of the theater. Rather than prognosticate about the unpredictable future, however, I would prefer to describe the past and the present: to place our theatrical freedom in historical context, to make some effort to account for it, and to suggest what, aside from the omnipresent danger of government intervention, is now inhibiting its healthy expression.

First, the history for our present situation is a very rare one. Most of us are aware that the Athenian comic dramatist, Aristophanes, enjoyed considerable license, during the time of the demagogue Cleon, to attack the politicians, playwrights, philosophers and poltroons of his day. Accompanying Aristophanes' social-political commentary, indeed often informing it, was a sexual exuberance expressed through the phallic form of his comedy, and through its concluding *gamos* or orgy of song, dance and lovemaking. Already, the parallel with our own time is clear, and it is significant that fifth-century Athens, like contemporary America, was embroiled in a long, brutal, senseless and spiritually debilitating war, which Aristophanes, like many of our own dramatists, took the opportunity to criticize at the very moment it was failing, and his country's military ambitions were being disappointed.

In acknowledging this parallel, we must also acknowledge that it is the only one of its kind in recorded history. Even Athens itself enjoyed this freedom only for a very short period, since, partly in reaction to military defeat, it quickly declined into a tyranny; and a mere quarter of a century after Aristophanes had satirized him in *The Clouds*, Socrates was handed his cup of hemlock "for searching into things," as his judges put it, "under the earth and above the heavens." During the rule of Macedonia, Greek comedy turned soft and romantic, evasive and domestic, avoiding all political reference or erotic playfulness, while the theater of Rome, except for occasional lapses into vitality by Plautus, tended to imitate the prettified escapism of Menandrian comedy.

In the next great period of theater—the Elizabethan-Jacobean age in England—the kind of freedom enjoyed by Aristophanes was no longer even conceivable. Shakespeare's theater was hardly genteel, and a certain limited kind of bawdry was acceptable under Elizabethan ground rules, but agencies of the government were ever vigilant about stage entertainments that might contain matter offensive to the crown. When the office of the Master of the Revels was bureaucratized into the office of the Lord Chamberlain, the powers of the censor grew increasingly strict and repressive: a statute only recently repealed in England made it a form of treason to represent living royalty on the stage. Shakespeare's career was in jeopardy for a while because Queen Elizabeth correctly divined analogies between her reign and that of Richard II, after the Earl of Essex commissioned the play upon his return from Ireland to rouse the people in revolt against the queen. And just a few years later, Ben Jonson was imprisoned by James I, and escaped a slit nose only by pleading benefit of clergy, because a play on which he had collaborated contained some criticism of the way the king sold off his knighthoods for 100 pounds.

Because of the power of agencies of censorship in England and Europe, whether called the Lord Chamberlain, the Académie Française, or the office of the Inquisition, the relationship of the western playwright to the political structure was historically that of a flattering importuner to a mighty monarch. Shakespeare extolled the queen in his comedies and validated her right to the throne in his histories; by creating the roles of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*, he seemed to confirm the prejudices of a king who had recently announced, contrary to growing opinion, that witches really existed. The Spanish dramatist, Lope de Vega, wrote *The Sheep Well* not to celebrate the democratic unity of a Spanish village, as is mistakenly affirmed sometimes, but rather to defend the powers of the Castilian monarchs against the feudal lords who were challenging their authority. Molière was a sycophant of Louis XIV, and owed his meteoric rise as a playwright, as well as his recovery after the *Tartuffe* controversy, to powerful friends at court. Restoration dramatists made fulsome references, in countless prologues, and epilogues, to the wit and wisdom of Charles I. And while Thomas Otway could satirize Shaftesbury, in *Venice Preserved*, because the Whig leader had already been arrested for treason, when John Gay attacked a minister still in power in *The Beggar's Opera*, he brought on the Licensing Act of 1737 which effectively terminated political reference on the English stage for the next 200 years.

If the monarchy was repressive of theatrical freedom, the various revolutions that overthrew the monarchy didn't

(continued on page 34)

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Ned Rorem on music

Lord Byron In Kansas City

Virgil Thomson's new opera, *Lord Byron*, is not a masterpiece, but it is indubitably a piece by a past master. The composer's claim to mastery dates back to 1928 when he completed his first opera, *Four Saints In Three Acts*, on a text of Gertrude Stein. When the work was produced six years later it became, as everyone knows, an overnight *cause cēlèbre* and has remained one ever since. Though never a repertory piece—only safe soap operas are that—it is among the four or five or maybe fewer staples in our bare American cupboard. *Four Saints In Three Acts* nourishes through its vitality; even a wretched performance is somehow viable.

Like all art it is rather mad and so beyond definition, yet like all madness it has a canny logic all its own. The music is neither particularly beautiful nor even interesting. Its chief originality lies in its willful diatonicism at a time when dissonance was the rage. Nor is the libretto especially gripping when taken alone. Worse, it is poetry—a dangerous ingredient in theater. The magic of *Four Saints* issues from a marriage made in heaven. Never have two artists so realized their individuality precisely by sacrificing it to a common cause. Stein and Thomson took not only talent, but their very presence from each other. Alone, neither has fashioned a work of comparable strength.

A generation later, soon after Gertrude Stein's death, Virgil Thomson composed a second opera to a scenario of hers, *The Mother Of Us All*, on the life of Susan B. Anthony. From the opening drum-roll the sound is like *Four Saints:* always the plain phrases with their modernistic touches (triads used polytonally), soldering the Baptist-sounding hymns of the composer's Kansas City childhood. And always the pointblank verse of Stein's, ideal to Thomson's setting. The same happy chemistry is at work, though less "abstract" than before, and American as baseball.

Now, after still another generation, we have a third opera from Virgil Thomson in this year of his diamond jubilee. And he has a new co-author. During the 1950s Thomson contemplated a posthumous script of Gertrude Stein's, talked about subjects with Robert Lowell and Robert Penn Warren, and got past the talking stage with one poet, Kenneth Koch, whose marvelous *Angelica* was born and weaned under the musician's guidance, and then rejected. Finally, in 1962, he met the person who was to "realize" a project he had long coveted.

Jack Larson lived then as now in Santa Monica, supported by residuals from an early TV series in which he acted. He was thus free to write his theater pieces and poems, which contained a calculated innocence resembling Gertrude Stein's. Undoubtedly the Steinian element first attracted Thomson to Larson's work. The composer proposed a collaboration on the subject of Byron's life, was accepted, and together they worked on the opera for seven years.

Attended by the most distinguished audience in America and covered by the international press, *Lord Byron* received its world première on April 20 at the Juilliard School of Music in New York. Jack Larson's three-act libretto turned out to be hearty and touching, if a bit heavy on exposition and light on variety. His scenario begins and ends in Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey where Byron has been denied burial, and where he is mourned not only by living friends but by the shades of his immortal peers. The interim action occurs in flashbacks treating of Byron's appeal to women (and men) despite a clubfoot, of his lifelong liaison with his sister Augusta whose pregnancy gives rise to gossip that occasions the poet's marriage to Annabella Milbank, of his seven years on the continent (depicted through an extended ballet sequence), and of his death in Greece. Finally, again in Westminster Abbey, the poet's intimate journal with all its compromising contents is burned before the eyes of his friends and lovers, who then retreat sadly to the outer world. Byron's ghost appears and is welcomed by the statues into their poetic midst.

Larson has quoted Byron's own words when the poet himself sings. He uses familiar passages ("You walk in beauty"), but more ingeniously he has drawn from the poet's letters to concoct such quatrains as:

Give your baby kisses, kisses from his Mrs.
Kisses from his sis's, kisses kisses
Ramble scramble jumble cum tumble cum all 'a hug
Duck! kisses, kisses. Goose! kisses, kisses

Larson's overall style is mock-heroic, and not unexpectedly a bit too Steinian for comfort. If our first impression is of children making up an opera as they go along, with fuzzy logic but flawless declamation, we quickly accept their terms and are intrigued at how snuggly words and music fit together. But the fit is mechanical. In writing to Thomson's specifications Larson has provided a blueprint, not the real thing. Since there are no submerged reefs on which the music might founder, neither are there risks. Despite the subject there is no sense of tension, much less of tragedy.

The music is pure Thomson. Carefully planned, with appropriate airs and witty ensembles, the vocal conceptions are at all times what singers call *gracious.* The sound is lean, harmonic opulence and rhythmic complication being as foreign to Thomson's vocal scoring as to *bel canto*. The piece is made mostly out of unpretentious tunes flowing from a source rich in old favorites ("Auld Lang Syne," "Saviour Breathe An Evening Blessing," "Ach du Lieber Augustin" and "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms" are quoted in full). If the composer seems preoccupied with natural prosody at the cost of a soaring line, with reviving the long-dead whole-tone scale, with literalism or Mickey-mousing (as in the parallel seconds depicting an incestuous tickle), these devices—derivations really—have come to form Thomson's language, which he speaks with his unique accent.

The accent now sounds outmoded. The *faux-naïf* notion of transporting Kansas City nostalgia to George III's London seems surrealistically amusing, but is quite unconvincing. What functions brilliantly for Susan B. Anthony cannot begin to sustain the passionate sweep of Lord Byron's character. Ironically, much of the music's appeal, as seen on the page, is lost in the hall. By fleshing out the melodies the orchestra relieves them of their personality, which is essentially skeletal; the music becomes less "dumb" than it is, and loses thereby. As for the vocal lines, since everyone sings the same *kind* of music, there is a lack of differentiation that turns to monotony. The monotony was not bothersome in *Four Saints*, which followed

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no story, nor are saints expected to present contrasts, to "do" anything. But that was in another time and place, and what worked with Gertrude cannot work without her.

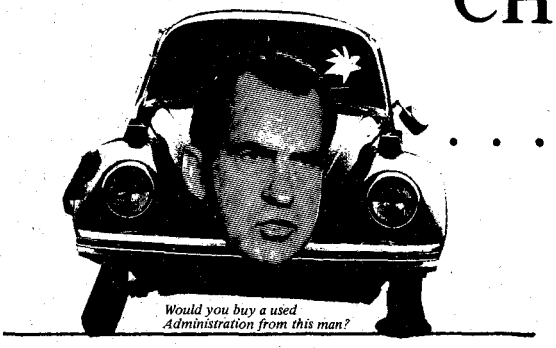
Thomson has supervised the entire production that John Houseman, who staged the original *Four Saints* nearly 40 years ago, has directed. Alvin Ailey choreographed the ballet sequence. Costumes and sets were by Patricia Zipprodt and David Mitchell respectively, and Joe Pacitti provided lighting. Except for the Juilliard chorus, which was below acceptable standard, and the Juilliard orchestra, which was above mere student excellence as conducted by Gerhard Samuel, none of these contributors was more than just professional. Most of the solo singers were not even that. This was unfortunate because *Lord Byron* would not appear to possess the spontaneous combustion of Thomson's previous operas. It will need to be ignited by the fire of others.

Virgil Thomson's composing gift has never relied on interesting ideas, but on the uses to which dull ideas can be put. Displacing the ordinary, he renders it extraordinary—that is his stock in trade. His music has little to do with romance or the grand statement, for it is as removed from the scene of action as cherubim are removed from the scenes they decorate. His music does have to do with joy, never carnal joy but the pure joy of merely being—again like cherubim (or saints). Thomson's lifelong effort would seem to have been to cleanse his art of *meaning* in the Beethovenian sense, of sensuality or suffering or what we call self-expression, seeking instead, like pre-romantics such as Mozart, to delight. To this day his method of delight is through the constant lightheartedness of primary triads, avoiding like the plague the lush "subjectivity" of secondary sevenths or ninths. One cannot know whether Thomson intends his music as satiric, yet most of it for 50 years does sound that way. And for 50 years it has not changed much. Whatever the secret of Thomson's message, the message remains the same and the composer believes continually in it.

Like the status of Elliott Carter's music, which nobody seems to challenge (probably on the grounds that it's so complex it must be deep), for half a century nobody has ever publicly contested the status of Thomson's music (probably on the grounds that it's so simplistic there must be more to it than meets the ear). A composer's impulse is usually apparent in even his worst works. With Thomson it is often difficult to hear the *raison d'être*—why he let certain pieces "pass," why he even bothered to write them down. The difficulty arises from the fact that he is not only a composer but the most stylish music critic of the 20th century; how, then, can he not exercise the same perception toward his own work as toward that of others?

It is true that Thomson has been a pathfinder, that he wrote our first prestigious operas and film scores, that the prestige lay in the use of indigenous material, and that this material in turn was adopted by more "sophisticated" composers who gave it the slick American Sound. It is also true that Thomson's music, for all its originality, does not have much to say. And is it so original? Outside his operas, has he accomplished anything not accomplished through the folkloric phantasmagorias of Charles Ives, or through the tongue-in-cheekeries of his idol, Erik Satie? Ives aimed emotionally higher than Thomson and hit the mark. Satie composed in *Socrate* one of the most serious pieces of all time. Emotion and seriousness are not what we identify with Thomson's music, though finally they are the yardsticks by which all meaning is measured.

SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE . . .



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Service Before Profit

Away With All Pests: An English Surgeon in People's China 1954-1969

by Joshua Horn, M.D.

(Monthly Review Press; $6.00, paper $2.45)

Joshua Horn's *Away With All Pests* is a remarkable book which has had little notice. It is remarkable in what it reveals of the advances in Chinese medicine since the 1949 Communist revolution and in the contrast that his account affords to anyone who has been involved in American medicine as physician, hospital worker, or patient. Horn provides an impressive prototype for the small but growing number of American health workers who are forsaking private practice, hospital based and academic medicine for other kinds of medical work. Uncomfortable in medical or nursing school, chafing against previously unquestioned authority in their specialty-training, these men and women are seeking out new modes of practice in free clinics, health collectives, storefront rap centers, therapeutic houses.

In 1954, Horn left a secure career as a trauma specialist and consultant surgeon to the British National Health Service and emigrated to China, where he lived and worked for 15 years. (He is now back in England.) Sympathetic to begin with, he became, in time, a staunch partisan of the ideology of Mao Tse-tung and of the 1966-69 Cultural Revolution. Horn's frank admission of ideological bias is important, because it helps make clear what is so often obscured in this country, that medicine itself is a political profession. The training of American physicians, the structure of our hospitals and the care of individual patients are all intertwined with political and economic assumptions. These assumptions are latent in our standards of academic excellence, hierarchic efficiency and professional conduct.

In the earlier part of this century, the vast majority of Chinese went without any medical care. Since 1949 there has been a steady if sometimes painful adoption of a new set of standards designed to serve a population of 800,000,000. The amazing advances—corroborated by observers less partisan than Horn—are grounded in and sustained by these new standards. Horn's chapter on "Human Relationships in the Hospital" provides a key to this process and a starting point for comparison with American medicine.

Our hospitals are run from the top down. Doctors write "orders" for treatment; nurses and their aides carry them out. Hospital administrators coordinate the activities of the various clinical services and oversee their financing. Ward clerks, kitchen help, maids, janitors, orderlies and lab technicians, unacquainted with the patients, do the menial work. Patients, often bewildered about their diagnosis, submit to treatment. Criticism generally is directed by a higher status person to a lower—a senior physician to a resident, a resident or nursing supervisor to a nurse. Physicians get together for conferences in which a free play of ideas is encouraged, but the discussion is almost always related to a specific and specifically medical problem; only occasionally are nurses present. No one would think to invite a

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ward clerk or maid; and patients, except when present to illustrate "an interesting clinical finding," are strictly forbidden.

According to Horn's account the Chinese hospital functions very differently. To begin with, professional expertise is regarded as merely a valued tool to be used in the service of the patients. Doctors are accessible to criticism from all members of a ward staff as well as from the patients themselves. Instead of a knot of doctors passing from bed to bed with reassuring smiles to the patients and heated but hushed discussion among themselves, one sees doctors, nurses, janitorial help and the patients themselves discussing common problems. A physician's arrogance or a nurse's indifference are as much subjects for discussion as the subtleties of cardiac arrhythmias and surgical technique. Administrators work one day a week at manual labor, "sweeping the floors, stoking furnaces or serving food." All hospital personnel and the patients address one another as comrade. If they have the aptitude and wish to do so nurses are accepted for further medical training.

Horn describes the training of "peasant doctors" and the incorporation of the teachings of "traditional" Chinese medicine, including acupuncture, in the training of medical workers and the treatment of patients. In China's rural areas, the peasant doctors perform many of the functions of general practitioners while continuing to farm the land. Their initial five-month training period equips them to diagnose the most prevalent illnesses in their geographical area, and to recognize when a particular problem is beyond them. Each year, after the crops are in, they return to a medical center for several weeks of further training. Completely integrated with the productive and social life of their community, they are immediately responsible to their patients. Familiar with the people and the land, they provide a bridge to the specialists who leave the city for a year at a time to serve in the hinterlands.

Just as the creation of peasant doctors utilized an available and eager source of manpower, so the incorporation of the teachings of the 3000 years of traditional medicine tapped valuable indigenous knowledge.

The adoption of Western medicine in the early 1900s had led to official attempts to discredit traditional medicine and its practitioners. But many educated Chinese still sought out traditional doctors. When the Communists took over in 1949, there were approximately 400,000 traditional doctors, whom the government sought to absorb into a new medical-care system. The most striking result has been the use of acupuncture to alleviate a variety of pains and illnesses. Explicable only in terms of the Yin-Yang theory of opposites and of the "lines of force" along which Yin and Yang proceed, no anatomical correlates have yet been found for the nearly 600 points at which acupuncture needles may be inserted. Nevertheless, acupuncture produces dramatically effective results as a substitute for anesthesia and in relieving such complaints as bowel distention and arthritic pain.

Traditional medicine has now been included in the Chinese medical curriculum. Considerable research is underway to understand its teachings in modern physiological and biochemical terms, as well as to find ways to unite the most effective elements of traditional and modern practice. Horn documents one early result of this enterprise, the use of a combined traditional and modern method of fracture treatment which reduces the time and extent of limb immobilization.

Horn's tone throughout is optimistic. His optimism is grounded partly in the hard facts of a sharp reduction in frequency of serious diseases and infant mortality rates; in the enormous increase in numbers of doctors and medical facilities; and in the remarkable advances the Chinese have made in such complicated surgical procedures as burn treatment and reattachment of severed limbs. But its roots go deeper into the changes in attitudes that have made these advances possible and sustain them against the rigidification of mere technical success.

His account of the virtual elimination of syphilis, a disease which in some parts of China had affected nearly half the population, illustrates this interplay of technical advance and social and psychological change. He relates the previously high incidence of syphilis to the intertwined factors of invasions of China by foreign powers, the establishment of widespread prostitution, the opening of China to the opium trade in the 19th century and the subservient position of women in pre-Communist China.

After the revolution, political education informed public-health measures. Veneral disease was treated as a truly social disease, an illness inflicted by wealthy foreigners and their Chinese allies on the masses. To give up prostitution or admit to having syphilis was a step towards creating a new society. Thousands of local volunteers so indoctrinated were trained to detect the disease and massive nationwide treatment programs were developed.

Similarly, schistosomiasis, a debilitating parasitic disease which causes intestinal erosion and cirrhosis of the liver and eventuates in anemia, fluid and protein loss into the abdominal cavity, retardation of normal development, infertility and often death—was reduced in 15 years from an endemic scourge to a lurking menace against which local populations are constantly vigilant.

In his account of the conquest of schistosomiasis in the village of Ren Tan, Horn infuses his political-medical analysis with a personal sensibility that puts most of our writings on medical subjects to shame. He speaks first with the village elders. They describe in horrifying detail the decimation of their people by schistosomiasis and point with pride to the village's rejuvenation in the years following the revolution. With them he watches a basketball

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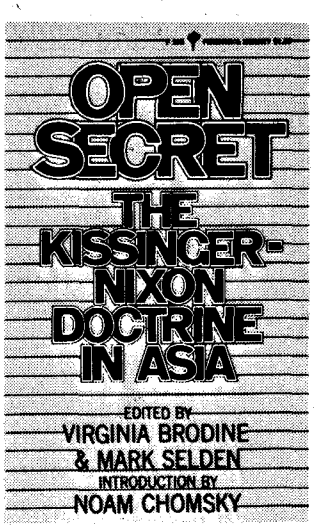

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game: "A toothless old granny who, in her old age, had become a basketball fan, cackled appreciatively. 'That one over there is my grandson. Just think of it! Playing ball for fun! In the old days most of us Ren Tan folk had a big ball in our bellies—not in our hands. What a change in our lives. I still don't properly understand what's happened.'" Afterwards he eats with his hosts and listens to a young woman's account of her father's slow and painful death from schistosomiasis:

> He got weaker and weaker and could hardly stand. Then he told me to get an awl and a duck quill and make a hole in his belly and put the duck quill in it to draw off the water. I refused and he beat me again. I was so sorry for him that I got the duck quill and borrowed an awl used for sewing cloth shoes. He showed me where to make the hole but I just couldn't do it.
>
> I clutched his legs but he beat me sobbing as he did so and pleaded with me to do it, so I did. It was quite easy. I stuck the awl in just below the belly button. His belly was tight as a drum and as I pulled the awl out, I pushed the quill in. Water squirted out of the duck quill. I got a bucket and before long it was nearly full. I was staggered. My father lay on his side with water squirting out of the quill. A neighbor came over from the next boat and emptied the bucket. He brought us some food but nobody could eat it.
>
> Next day my father was very ill. He told me to go to the temples for magic pills and to tell the priest that he would rebuild the temples when he got better. He died three days later. Before he died he looked so terrible, so thin and yellow, and his lips and tongue were black. I'll never forget it. I didn't even know when he died. He just became still and stopped groaning. A neighbor came and said he was dead. We had no money to bury him so we wrapped him in an old sail and put him into the water.
>
> My brother became a cow herd and I became a child laborer.

The woman finishes her story and Horn tries "to console her, to tell her that she should feel no remorse since her father would have died anyway." "Remorse," she replies, "I feel no remorse. We were both victims of the old society, both my father and I, and so are many thousands of others." She was shouting now, her face suffused with anger. "I hate the old society. I hate it and I will smash the skull of anyone who tries to bring it back again."

Psychiatrically aware readers, like Horn himself, may wonder whether this woman has "transferred" some of her anger toward her father to the society in which they both lived. We may from the easy distance of half a world "wonder" if individual grievances haven't been too fully "projected" onto social forces.

On the other hand, her story, like others Horn retells, may help show us the sources of some of the "individual psychopathology" that we encounter among our own citizens. For instance, our statistics show that there is a "high rate of psychosis among inner-city residents." This rather lifeless fact took on a somewhat different character for me when I worked on a city hospital psychiatric ward. Admitted there within a month were six black and Puerto Rican women on welfare all diagnosed as "paranoid schizophrenics." Suspicious of welfare workers, afraid of letting their children go to bad schools, constantly vigilant against rats, peeling leaded paint and roaches, isolated from the powers and people who controlled their lives, it was no accident that they arrived at our hospital "agitated, hostile and paranoid."

Horn's account of treatment of a peasant woman's fractured neck reveals the interplay between technical solutions and personal and social considerations. The peasant doctor contradicts his foreign-born, highly skilled colleague's opinion that she must be removed to a

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hospital. He points out that the time and expense involved would be detrimental to the production brigade of which she and her husband are a part. Their duty as physicians, he explains, is "to bring modern medicine to the village, to serve the peasants in the fullest sense of the word, and not just to transfer our difficult problems to the town." Horn, exhausted from a long day's work, is irritated, but he reconsiders and together, using local materials, he and the peasant doctor improvise an adequate traction apparatus.

The words of Mao Tse-tung—his injunctions to serve the people, to seek out and transcend contradictions, to allow theory and practice to fertilize one another—echo through Horn's descriptions of the synthesis of insulin, the treatment of two burned chemistry students, and the excision of an ox's hernia. No task is too difficult, no problem too trivial, if one but listens to the needs of the people and acts according to Mao's principles! Horn describes the resentment of some hospital administrators at the required manual labor, a surgeon's prideful unwillingness to operate on an ox, his own initial annoyance at his colleague's suggestions. Yet he clearly feels that continued education and, particularly, the effects of the Cultural Revolution will eventually eliminate such resistance.

Away With All Pests evoked memories of my own medical education. What Horn described excited me; my own years of education had not. I remembered in a first-year class copying from a blackboard the intricacies of a biochemical reaction, and wondering what this had to do with practicing medicine. Or standing for seven hours at an operating table holding retractors for an esophageal resection, appreciating for a few minutes an anatomical finding, and lapsing, exhausted and irritated, into revery. Somehow it did not connect. The long hours of lab work, the less tedious memorization of symptoms, even the concrete satisfaction of correct diagnosis and treatment, connected with no larger vision of what I could be as a physician or what society we doctors would help to build.

There was a connection, though. Only I was too busy getting by and out, too beset with anxiety, to see it clearly. We were being trained to take and then to give orders, to submit to a rigid often senseless structure so that in time we might rise to its apex. Years of solitary competitive study prepared us for the isolation of private practice. Vast accumulations of medical facts would enable us as professors to engage in research and argue the fine points of medical problems with our colleagues. "Public Health," like ophthalmology, was merely another specialty with its own set of facts, its own series of lectures.

American physicians often pretend that they are simply scientific, socially and morally neutral. Popular magazine debates about the ethics of kidney transplants or euthanasia obscure rather than clarify the issue. So do the several hours a week that wealthy private physicians donate to "clinic work." So, in fact, do many of our "programs" for the "ghetto" or the "inner city" or "rural poverty areas." "We," from the heights conferred on us by stores of knowledge and out of our bounty, give to "them," and then, among ourselves, in conferences and journals, we argue over the results.

According to Horn, the Chinese have found another way.

James S. Gordon

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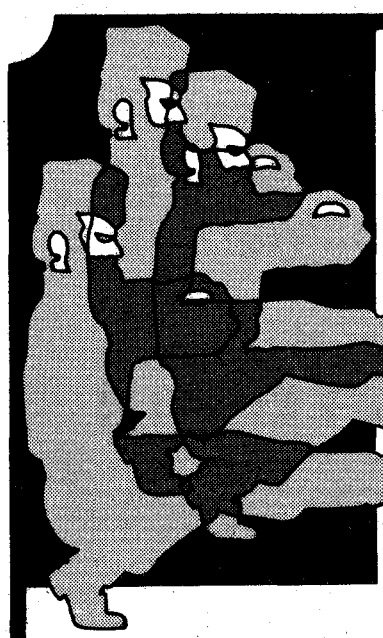

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

ROBERT BRUSTEIN, *a contributing editor of* TNR, *is the author of* Revolution as Theater *(Liveright).* NED ROREM *is a composer, and also the author of five books, including* Critical Affairs *and the* Paris Diary of Ned Rorem. DR. JAMES S. GORDON *is associated with the Mental Health Study Center of NIMH.* ARNOLD KETTLE *is professor of literature at the Open University, England.* JOHN SEELYE *teaches English at the University of Connecticut.*

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An Imaginative Memoir

Midnight Oil
by V. S. Pritchett

(Random House; $6.95)

V. S. Pritchett has had, by the sort of standards one tends to drop into when discussing contemporary memoirs, an interesting life. That is to say he has been to more interesting places at interesting times and met more interesting people than most of us. Paris just after the First World War, Ireland during the troubles, Spain before the Republic; Lady Gregory in the foyer of the Abbey Theater, Tito Schipa singing in Seville Cathedral, tea with Yeats in Merrion Square. If you are looking for names and issues—literary names and political issues—you can tot up sufficient from *Midnight Oil* to create the requisite impression of interestingness. But it is rather like going to an Antonioni film for material on your important new study on the postwar development of Italian socialism. Plenty of alienation but not much evidence.

The occasional appearance of the eminent in the pages of *Midnight Oil* may indeed be a tactical mistake. Despite the odd fine insight, like the comparison of Kingsley Martin of the *New Statesman* to Meredith's Dr. Shrapnel, Pritchett is not really much interested in his eminences—partly no doubt from modesty but also from another kind of instinct. These recognizable personages from other people's memoirs can scarcely avoid, in the world of *Midnight Oil*, the fate of "real" historical characters who crop up in a novel and always turn out to be—whether called Napoleon or Queen Caroline or Stalin—rather less "real" than the fictional companions around them.

It is very much in line with Pritchett's conception of his central character that he should *not* have known Joyce or Hemingway or Sylvia Beach when he lived in Paris. Even as he himself becomes more successful he remains a loner, unattached to anything approaching a movement, let alone a cause. And like the *New Statesman* which he served, he has always found some difficulty in keeping politics and culture within the same career—one or the other always seems to be getting embarrassingly out of hand. Indeed it comes as less of a surprise to the reader than to himself when at the end of the second war the owner of the local Big House invites him to become chairman of the local Conservative Association—though not a surprise that he should decline the invitation.

If you insist, then, on reading Pritchett's memoir as history it is likely to seem a bit unsatisfactory. But once you reconcile yourself to the fact that it is art, it is fine.

I'm not, of course, suggesting that most of the people who appear in *Midnight Oil* are fictional, simply that they have the sort of authenticity—unverifiable except in its "own" terms—that one associates with fiction. Pritchett is a scrupulous man and no doubt his portraits of his parents and his friends are scrupulous and, in some basic sense, just. Being "private" as opposed to "public" figures the question is outside the reader's province. My point is that they are conceived and presented—"created" if you like—in fully imaginative terms and therefore emerge (and it's his triumph that they *do* emerge) whole, in the way successful characters in a novel do.

If this implies a criticism it is a criticism that raises many interesting questions about the relation of fiction to

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Garbage

Every day, rain or shine, I take a plastic bag of garbage outside
unless I forget one day, and then it's two, or if company comes
much more, and put it in a bigger plastic bag
also full of garbage, and once a week take the big bag out
to the street, and a man comes the next day in a truck
also full of garbage, and takes it away to the dump
also full of garbage.

Now there are just the two of us, and a dog and a cat
making that bag of garbage day after day, week after week
and I wonder:

I wonder about larger families, say Ethel Kennedy's
I wonder about ménages à trois
I wonder about boarding houses
and other joint arrangements
I wonder about hotels restaurants resorts
I wonder about communes and their organic but undeniable garbages
I wonder about the Rockefellers' garbage
the Lindsays', the Muskies', the McGoverns', the Wallaces'
garbage, for neither the left or the right is exempt:

> My God, that's a lot of garbage!
> Piling up in plastic bags by the roadside
> investigated and perhaps rifled by cruising dogs
> —skunks too pay their devoirs and pass on—
> tramps only and beggars are missing from the scene
> (too bad—there is plenty here for them)

Occasionally J. Edgar Hoover will make use of your garbage
(tough luck for you when he does!)
but mostly it goes unmolested to the dump, and is compacted
with all the other garbage, the Kennedies', the McGoverns', the Muskies'
the slim offal of Ralph Nader, a grand democracy of garbage
filling up our valleys, our canyons, our holes
of all depths and dimensions, leveling the landscape:

> Much garbage is taken out to sea and dumped
> and slowly drifts back to the margins
> bobbling on the shore, endlessly rocking

Politicians, ecologists, sundry other publick voices
sound tocsons, alarums, excursions to the Town Dump
—a publick holding of noses—
(But who is this man
this raggedy preacher by the wayside?)

> Out of the garbage a small voice singing
> mocks the big faces, the fussbudgets and humbugs:
> "Garbage is mighty, Garbage is invincible
> Garbage is Dominion, Boss-Man of Moloch & Co.
> Lord of the Flies. . . ."

(Garbage blows up against and is held for a moment
by the granite pedestal of the Statue of Liberty
and then blows away again, but more garbage will follow
and then more and soon enough it will hold and build
and cover all, and our parks also, and all public arenas
and open spaces, and recreational areas, and national preserves
where the bushes already hold secret garbage in waiting)

> "YOU SAY THAT GARBAGE IS A PROBLEM, BUT I SAY
> NO! GARBAGE IS OUR DESTINY!"

JOHN SEELYE

autobiography and vice versa. The best parts of *Midnight Oil* seem to me to be the early sections dealing with the author's life in, successively, France, Ireland and Spain, and the later descriptions of the old age and death of his parents: all of these—and they amount to at least two-thirds of the book—are finely realized and it is neither possible nor profitable to separate in them the elements of authenticity (*i.e.*, the convincing portrayal of an historical situation) and the more personal unverifiable sorts of insight of autobiographical fiction. I suspect the success here is linked with the formal limits that the material imposes on Pritchett's treatment of them. Each of the three episodes abroad has a unity of time and place about it which permits the creation of some kind of artistic unity, like an episode or chapter of a novel, or indeed a short story, complete in itself.

The less compelling area of the book is the one (Chapters 8 to 10) that covers Pritchett's gradual establishment as a successful writer in the bigger world of Britain from the '30s onwards. Here what the author himself describes as "the supreme pleasure of putting oneself in by leaving oneself out" works less well; perhaps because within a larger, more complex and hence less definable whole the left-out narrator can too easily get lost altogether.

When Pritchett writes about his parents there is no danger of this; he is far too painfully engaged. It is one of the functions of much 20th-century autobiography to help a man to do some sort of justice to parents with whom in actual life a truly sympathetic rapport is scarcely on the cards. I do not think this can be explained away in the language of guilt or atonement and it is much to V. S. Pritchett's credit that in his artistic dealings with his parents he manages so well to avoid both mawkishness and facility.

The danger of Pritchett's method as an autobiographer is that, in avoiding introspection, he should fall into anecdotage. I don't think he altogether avoids this, though the fault (if it is one) is on a high level. Since art is his god, it is perhaps inevitable that it should move and be served in odd ways. Life tends to come out of this book as a succession of short stories, held together less by the principal character's development or adventures than by his relationship with his parents.

And this is what in the end gives the

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book, it seems to me, its value and its interest; for it links it, modestly, with the stories of those other semi-fictional characters of its time, out of Joyce and Wells and Forster and Lawrence, wandering, half a generation before, around Paris, Dublin and, above all, South London. Mr. Pritchett is separated from them by the First World War, which he was too young to fight in, and notes the peculiar loneliness of his generation which felt enforced separation from those a bit older who were either marked or dead. Yet it is to the older rather than the younger 20th-century world that he seems to belong. There is, especially in his experiences with the *Christian Science Monitor* which allowed him to get away from South London, a curious egotistical innocence, an ambiguous sense of vanishing proprieties and an Edwardian conception of the role of the artist which "set" his book, for all its lack of pretentious generalization, well and truly in its period.

Arnold Kettle

Reconsideration

An Actor's Life

I have a recording so old that it begins with an announcer's voice. He says: "Mountain Scene from *Rip Van Winkle* by Joseph Jefferson. Columbia Record." Then we hear Rip in the Catskills, meeting the queer little man (whom we don't hear) with the keg of schnapps. The voice is a light baritone with little upward breaks for intimacy and fun, the accent a friendly stage German. On the other side is the Return Scene, twenty years later, between Rip and his daughter (whom we don't hear), with the sentiment as sure and unabashed and therefore effective as in a Chaplin film.

> The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson. Originally published in 1890 by the Century Company. Now available from Harvard University Press, $9.50. Edited by Alan S. Downer.

What an eerie, fascinating feeling to put down the autobiography of a man born in 1829 and then hear his voice, a man who knew such actors as Forrest, Macready, Cushman, and Booth, who met Holmes and Longfellow and Stowe, Trollope and Browning. The record supports the central impression of the book: that it is a strand of cultural history leading from a very remote age—more than 140 years in effect, if not in time—to the beginnings of the present.

Jefferson's autobiography is one of the few "classics" among lives of actors, which term I would define as biographies that can be read for pleasure, even by general readers. On the evidence Jefferson was a wonderful one-part actor. He played numerous other roles besides Rip, but several good critics wrote that he was Rip, and wonderful, in all of them. His book lives, not as a memorial of a great artist, which he never claims, but as a picture of an intensely active theater, a compendium of observations on acting, a sketchbook of a changing nation, and a journal of an open-eyed traveler abroad.

Jefferson, who died in 1905, was the son and grandson of actors. So far as his autobiography or his editor, the late Alan Downer, tells us, he had very scanty formal education, so the writing, which is competent Victorianese, is specially remarkable. He started it at the instigation of William Dean Howells, who may have helped, and also had help from Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of *The Century Magazine*, which serialized it before book publication; but their help, whatever it was, was unintrusive because the tone is personal and consistent.

Jefferson's parents were poor and may not have been very good actors: their engagements were usually short and they spent most of their time as strolling players. He was born in Philadelphia but had no fixed residence until much later in life. He made his debut in Washington at the age of four in blackface, doing a Jim Crow song. (Among

Russia in the 'seventies
Cuba in the 'fifties
Spain in the 'thirties

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other matters, his book reflects current prejudices against blacks, Jews, and Indians, all points of etiquette, even in a good-hearted man, during Jefferson's lifetime.) His childhood included a tour through the Erie Canal to the new town of Chicago (population 2000); travel by open wagon and sleigh down to Springfield where the company was aided by a young lawyer named (but it's *true*) Lincoln; literal barn-storming in Mississippi. His youth included a tour following the American army into Mexico in 1846, where he had his first romantic encounter. About sex and love and marriage—he was twice married—he is reticent. Modern readers are conditioned to supply what he leaves out.

He leaves out a good deal, in fact. The book skips many transitions and, of course, does not conclude his career. He lived and worked for 15 years more (and got honorary degrees from Yale and Harvard). It is a chronological collection of memoirs, rather than a seamless account.

For instance, in 1856 he made a trip to London and Paris—"not the Paris of today [!], with its gilded domes and modern grandeur, but the old, quaint, dirty, gay, strange city in the early days of the Second Empire, with its high, toppling buildings, narrow streets, and lively people." He says he wanted to see France because his mother's family had come from there, but it still seems an unusual and unusually expensive jaunt for a quite modestly successful actor of 27 to make with his family in those days. In 1861 he went to Australia, without any reason given. Downer says that Jefferson was not in good health and that, after the death of his first wife in that year, he needed to travel. But he stayed in Australia and New Zealand four years, acting much of the time. Is it mere coincidence that his exile was precisely during the years of the Civil War? He does not say; but his book reveals great affection for the South—in later years he had a home in Louisiana, as well as Massachusetts—and one can speculate that he had northern affiliations but southern sympathies and used his wife's death as an excuse to avoid decision.

There are dozens of general anecdotes, mostly vivid (including a murder he witnessed in his youth), but the book's uniqueness is in its view of a nation and a time from a life in the theater of the day. Here, as un-selfconscious cultural history, one can discern four principal themes.

First, the American theater was dominated by English or Irish actors until well along in the 19th century. Downer's annotation tells us that the vast majority of the actors whom Jefferson knew were born in the British Isles and often returned there. (And as Francis Hodge says in *Yankee Theatre*, the authors of Jefferson's two big "Yankee" hits, *The Octoroon* and *Our American Cousin*, were an Irishman, Dion Boucicault, and an Englishman, Tom Taylor.) Imagine the mixture of accents in a performance. Jefferson himself says of his first appearance with Laura Keene in 1857 on the "western side" of New York: "It was looked upon as a kind of presumption in those days for an American actor to intrude himself into a Broadway theater; the domestic article seldom aspired to anything higher than the Bowery."

Second, there was, in the sociological sense, a society of actors. Actors lived everywhere, figuratively speaking, because there were companies everywhere, as well as strolling troupes that played "in between" and stars who traveled to the resident companies. In 1868 Jefferson was one of the first stars to employ a "combination," a company of actors who traveled with him, instead of appearing with a local company who supported him; and he feels it necessary to justify this startling innovation at length. There are now some dozens of resident theaters in the US, but they do not yet constitute such a society, because they are not a natural, inevitable product of our culture, they are an attempt to counteract some of its centralizing, polarizing impetus. All hopes for their success; but they make quite a different case from Jefferson's going to Boston or Philadelphia or Louisville or St. Louis and finding old actor-friends living and working there, getting their satisfactions or dissatisfactions where they were.

Third, connected with this, was the status of theater as popular culture. Film critics and historians tend to think that the glamor and mythologizing of actors began with film, but when the only performing idols available were live actors, *they* were mythologized. Instead of, say, Jimmy Stewart being available in every city simultaneously, every city had an actor doing Jimmy Stewart roles. On a south American visit, Jefferson ran into an American who recognized him and pumped him with questions about actors back home, name after name after name. "They seem like old friends to me," says this theatergoer. He sounds like a modern movie buff.

Fourth is Jefferson's discovery that,

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through the years, the audience was getting impatient with words and was more interested in visual effects.

> Why should this be? Is not the audience of today as intelligent as that of a hundred years ago? This may be so, but by degrees it has been accustomed to a supply of entertainments for the eye, rather than the ear . . . .

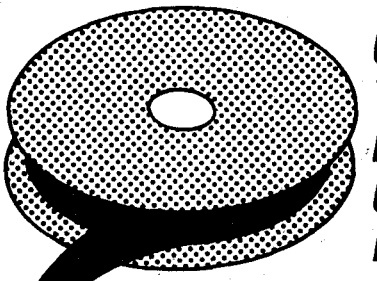
This supports the thesis of A. Nicholas Vardac in *Stage to Screen* that the 19th-century popular theater was unconsciously moving toward film, that its audience unconsciously demanded the invention of film. (Vardac also notes that in 1896 Jefferson filmed a few minutes of Rip.)

Forty years ago, when I first read the *Autobiography*, I was filled with regret for an era I had missed. Now I'm more suspicious. Great as the best actors probably were, most of the productions, as ensemble work, must have been horrible by our standards. Still, to read the book now is to see a theater that, tackiness and all, had one quality at its height that our theater must regain: it was essential. Outside of religious bigots, very few 19th-century Americans would have dreamed of *not* going to the theater.

Obviously it was more widely available, proportionately, than now, and it satisfied appetites that are now satisfied by most films and almost all TV. But one definition of the challenge to our theater today is that it must find a way of being necessary without being popular, since the pop hunger, which is in all of us, is fed otherwise. Not hard-breathing "relevance" or preening "uplift" but essentiality, is what our theater needs; and the task is complicated because today's audience is more experienced, more wooed, more selective than earlier ones. Yet there are recurrent occasions—a new play here, a new production there—to believe that the theater can still be a certification, an enlargement, of our existence, unduplicated elsewhere. When those occasions can reasonably be hoped for by a prospective audience, the theater becomes essential. Jefferson's book is no blueprint, but it describes a desirable norm: a time when a theater and its audience depended on one another.

A paperbound edition of the book ought to be available. For theater people, for American Studies people, for everyone.

Stanley Kauffmann



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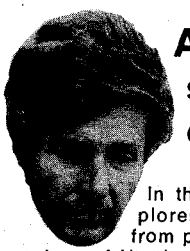

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Brustein, *from page 22*

much improve the situation. The Puritan interregnum in England closed the theaters for 18 years; the French revolution closed them too, for a short period, though they were later opened to all comers; and although the Bolshevik revolution greatly increased the quantity of theatrical activity in Russia, it imposed a censorship even more terrible than before. Indeed the history of theater in the modern world can scarcely be called a history of freedom. Totalitarian countries, recognizing the utility of theater as an instrument of propaganda and indoctrination, also recognized its power as an instrument of subversion, and suppressed, exiled or executed those who chose to write plays for nontendentious purposes. Stalin may have had the Soviet writer, Mayakovsky, killed because buried in his propaganda plays were seeds of political satire, while Brecht had to flee Nazi Germany, along with an army of German artists, lest he suffer the same fate at the hands of Hitler.

The record of democratic countries differs in degree rather than kind. Nobody in the West has yet been executed for theatrical deviationism, but Bernard Shaw was fearful enough to withhold *Heartbreak House* from the stage until after World War I because he found truth-telling incompatible with the defense of the realm; the Federal Theater in America was effectively destroyed by Act of Congress because it occasionally criticized acts of Congress; and the theater that issued from the Allied countries, during World War II, was an endless charade of official platitudes, patriotic lies and pious affirmations.

Undoubtedly the most dismal days in the history of our own theater were the '50s, when the stage, along with movies and television, was subjected to scrutiny by the homegrown Yahoos of the House UnAmerican Activities Committee. Witness after witness was hauled before this sorry tribunal to confess past political errors, to name companions in sin, to testify to the anti-Communist nature of their present work—or else to take refuge under the Fifth Amendment lest they risk imprisonment for contempt of Congress. In this parade of the craven and defiant before the institutionalized philistinism of Cold War America, the very idea of a free theater seemed to wither and die—effectively destroyed not only by the chauvinism and hostility of the committee itself, but by the abject careerism of those who preferred to scrape before their inquisitors rather than earn a television blackball or sacrifice a Hollywood contract.

Yet so swiftly did the cultural climate change that within 10 years this period had come to seem unreal and distant, and a whole new generation was demanding back those rights that had been abdicated. The Eisenhower administration saw the end of the McCarthy era, and the conclusion of the fearful '50s; Kennedy's assassination cast a shadow over the '60s; Johnson was President; and we were mired in the Vietnam war. In response to those various catastrophes, as well as in reaction to the person of Lyndon Johnson himself, American dissent had once again grown strong and vocal—and unlike the previous radicalism, demoralized as it was by Stalinism and the Cold War, it was not to be easily silenced. Simultaneously with the emergence of antiwar protest, America was throwing off its traditional Puritanism. The '60s saw not only political confrontation but confrontation with the laws against erotic movies, books and plays; and the court cases that resulted usually ended in a rout for censorship and a victory for the forces of freedom. The volume of dissent had managed to blow open the doors and windows of the American theater.

Perhaps the crucial event in opening up our stage was the off-Broadway production of Barbara Garson's play, *Macbird*. A remorseless attack on President Johnson, on the Kennedy family and on the whole structure of American politics—a satire in pseudo-Shakespearean verse which cast political leaders in the roles of *Macbeth* in order to expose the corrosive lust for power that lies behind the orderly facade of government—*Macbird* was clearly an impudent and vituperative slander, but it had an extraordinary influence and liberating impact on what was to follow. Looking back on it after six years of uninhibited theatrical activity, it is almost impossible to describe how unusual it seemed at the time, and what a singular act of courage it represented. Suffice it to say, it was a work without a precedent. Written as an underground pamphlet, sold under the counter at bookstores, read aloud only at protest rallies and antiwar meetings (I myself gave portions of the play their first New York hearing during a teach-in at Columbia in 1966), *Macbird* had arguable value as a literary work, and no value at all as an interpretation of history, but it nevertheless marked a turning point for American theater, as *Doctor Strangelove* had done for the American film, Lenny Bruce for American comedy and *Catch-22* for American literature. For all its malice and extremism, despite the fact that it probably embodied and inspired considerable irresponsibility, *Macbird* made it possible at last for the performing arts to use those freedoms guaranteed but rarely exercised by the Bill of Rights.

Many of us who had lived through the McCarthy days were certain that *Macbird* would never be produced, or if produced, would be severely harassed by the authorities. The play was too offensive, not only to Johnson conservatives but to Kennedy liberals as well. Yet *Macbird* went on to enjoy a long, uninterrupted run at the Village Gate in New York, as well as inspiring innumerable performances on campuses and in cities throughout the nation, and stimulating a whole new era of political satire (Philip Roth's book *Our Gang* and DeAntonio's film *Millhouse* are only two of its descendants). It was also partly responsible for a succession of antiwar plays, beginning with the crude but well intentioned *Viet Rock*, and it had some impact on the emergence of guerrilla theater. Contemporary with these manifestations came an era of black protest plays, frequently obscene and often abusive, and a period of theatrical nudity and pornography, beginning with works like *Dionysus in '69*, *Futz*, *Oh! Calcutta!* and *The Dirtiest Show In Town*. With liberation in fashion, homosexuality, long a taboo subject on the American stage, was now being openly treated in plays like *The Boys In The Band*, while the homosexual playwright who failed to declare his sexual preferences in his work was being made an object of derision in *Nightride*, and even in the theater pages of *The New York Times*.

Undoubtedly, the culmination of the new political and sexual emphasis could be found in the visit of the Living Theater during 1968 and 1969, when spectators were invited onto the stage to copulate with the actors or into the streets, after the performance, to liberate the prisons and free the prisoners. Theatrical freedom, in short, had become so open and manifest that it was now becoming synonymous with action, while the theatrical occasion was becoming an opportunity for anarchic gestures and total abandon. Indeed so fast were things happening that even the Living Theater failed to keep pace. At one per-

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formance of *Paradise Now*, after the bikini-clad actors announced they were not allowed to take their clothes off, members of the audience stripped down to the buff, while others, replying to the actors' plaint that they weren't allowed to smoke marijuana, lit up and filled the theater with pot fumes. It was on this threshold, when the possibilities of freedom were outstripping even the theater's capacity to imagine it, that one felt a conscious drawing back and a nostalgia for more sublimative forms of performance. The intoxication brought on by unleashed hostility, acting out, public orgy and romantic confession had begun to wear off, and in the sober morning light it became more apparent that theatrical freedom did not have to mean replacing the artist with the spectator or the work of art with the spontaneous act. The Living Theater visit had performed an unintentional service by marking the territory beyond which it was fruitless and unproductive to tread. *This is the first of two articles.*

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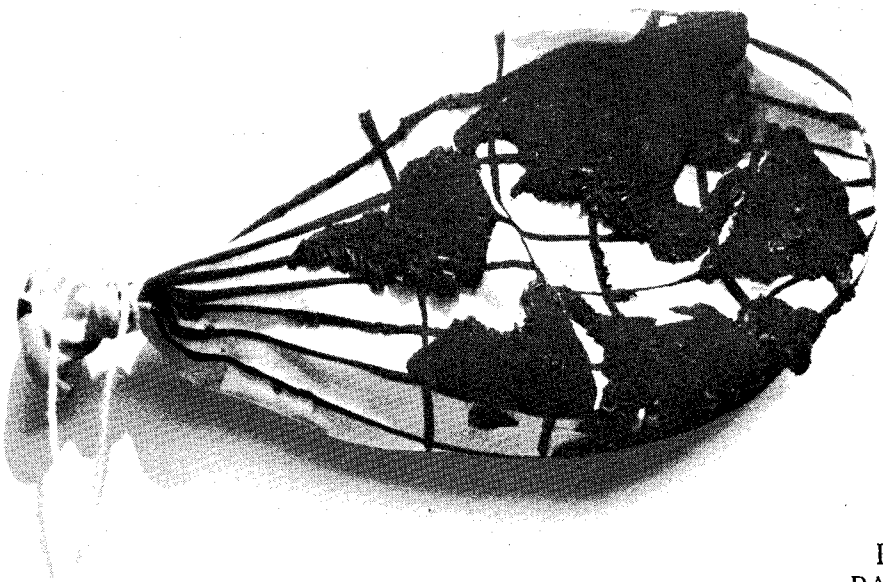

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